

CANADA

EAST

The Christmas

WAR CRY



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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Heaven's Best for Mankind

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The WAR CRY

HAIL! SMILING MORN

Christmas

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada East, Newfoundland and Bermuda.

Founder... William Booth
General... Bramwell Booth
International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Commissioner C. Sowton,
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Greetings

GREETINGS, warm and sincere, to all to whom this issue of the "War Cry" may come. It has a glorious message of a wonderful Saviour to proclaim and some fascinating stories of His infallible love and power to tell. We want every reader to be able to rejoice in a personal realization of His saving grace, and if this is not already a precious possession, we believe that with God's blessing these pages will, like the star which guided the wise men, lead the sinning soul to its Redeemer.

WE praise and thank God for His continued upholding mercy to our Leaders—The General and Mrs. Booth, the Chief of the Staff, and the Commissioners everywhere who share in the burdens and anxieties of the Salvation war. Upon them, and upon every partaker in the fight—including esteemed Corps Correspondents, Herald and Contributors who have so devotedly assisted the "War Cry" and its junior partner—we ask the blessing and favour of God in a special sense.

Hail Smiling Morn, and the King Whom thou dost herald.

WE hail thee, O Smiling Morn, for the dark night is past. Thou art a messenger of good tidings of great joy to all the people. With the radiance of thy coming our spirit's eyes are eastward bent to that predestined trysting spot of which the scribe did write, "A Star shall rise out of Jacob." We would glimpse again some blossoming star in Heaven's infinite meadows that might lead us to another Bethlehem with its Treasure-Trove.

Our souls were surfeited with lesser luminaries. These have been to us but as the twinkling of far distant planets while yet 'twas dark. From the inner recesses of our natures we have raised ceaseless cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" Aye, we were not the children of darkness, but of the light; we yearned for the Day-dawn, the soul's native element.

In our search we entered the portico of Genesis, walked through the Old Testament art gallery and saw Jacob, Moses, Daniel—we stepped at Isaiah and found promise—"The morning cometh." With inspired hope we further went, and the Psalmist in his conservatory sang to us of lifting gates, wide-swung doors, and a King of Glory. Into the observatory of the prophets we made our way, and they all foretold of a far-spent night and a day-break near at hand. Thus with a virile breath of hope we bade farewell to the last of them all, Malachi. With gaze still eastward we continued our journey, ever expecting the fulfilment of the last prophet's promise—a Sun of Righteousness that should arise. Thus it was, O Smiling Morn, that the longing for day-dawn and sun-up propelled our weary feet along life's dusty highways.

And now thou hast come, we hail thee and the King Whom thou dost herald. At His feet we vow Him our lasting loyalty, our heart's adoration, and life's best service. In His train we pledge to tread until the radiant smile of another and ever more dazzling morning breaks upon us, when we shall be ushered into the courts of everlasting day.



The ADVENT of the SAVIOUR

CHRISt'S first advent was the central hour of the world's history. All that went before was a preparation for it; what has followed is a result. It was not unexpected that a Saviour King was coming to the world. The Serpent had pierced the human family with his deadly fangs. Eden had been draped in mourning and darkness covered the earth. Man was lost in the gloom of night. Then came a gleam of light when God declared that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head.

Long centuries passed. Antedeluvian days went by. The patriarchs lived and the thunders were heard on Sinai. Moses, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Micah, Haggai and Malachi saw their visions, and dreamed their dreams, and stood on the tip-toe of expectancy waiting for Christ.

Mighty amongst these seers, Isaiah, in a vision, saw the Lord "high and lifted up" and prophesied: "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Still the centuries rolled on and no Saviour appeared.

The hopes of a just Joseph seemed blighted, his love, he thought, betrayed. But in the midst of his despairing grief as he was about to divorce his beloved Mary privately, "Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son and thou shalt call His name **Jesus**: for He shall save His people from their sins."

When Jesus came He found Himself an unexpected guest. There was no home for Him to be born in. No Bethlehem to protect His babyhood. No Nazareth to appreciate His matchless young manhood. Barring a few souls who were looking for Him, no priesthood welcomed Him; no church wanted His membership. No nation acclaimed Him as her very own. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." A great chorus of angels in Heavenly song congratulated the earth upon His coming, but only a few shepherds out in the pasture heard it. It was a frigid reception that did not improve with time. The most religious people in all the world never gave Him more than a scant tolerance which speedily deepened into dislike, then into jealous hatred, then into plottings which brought for Him, the **Promised One**, a malefactor's death. It shames us now to think of it. The only hopeful thing about it was that such depths of depravity moved the heart of God and gained the saving pity of Heaven. But it was in keeping with the predictions concerning His advent, the purpose of which is clearly stated in the text. "He shall save His people from their sins."



"He shall save His people."

Let us, for a moment, look at the disease with which "His people" were afflicted and to save from which **He came**.

Sin has dried up the pools in earth's watered gardens and given the beasts of the forests a taste of human blood. Sin has blighted humanity and is the cause of all human suffering, mental agony and spiritual dearth. Sin has brought every grief and every sorrow and has built large cities of the dead. In

the beautiful garden where man used to walk with God in the cool of the day, the serpent of sin is now crouched under every fig tree.

But, glad fact to be repeated with emphasis, to save His people from their sins (not in their sins) was Jesus' mission in coming to this world. John said: "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the Devil."

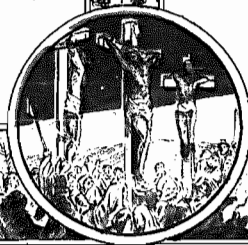
Jesus came to bring Salvation to man in **this** life. To give him clean hands and pure heart, thus to enable him to keep the great commandment of loving God with all his heart and his neighbour as himself. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John: 1-7).

But this does not include physical and mental restoration. We yet may make many hurtful mistakes, and we need to study to show ourselves approved unto God, even though our hearts have been washed whiter than snow. The physical man is still subject to suffering and death. Man still earns his bread by the sweat of his face, and women continue to bring forth in deadly travail.

Though one may be saved from all sin spiritually, yet there is still need for the physician, the drug store, and the undertaker's establishment.

But even though we are not saved from physical and mental weaknesses in life, to-day the wilderness and solitary place may rejoice and blossom as the rose. The garden of our heart may blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing. Our spiritual eyes may be opened, and our ears be unstopped. The spiritually lame man may leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing. Waters may break out and the parched ground of our experience may become a pool of Salvation and the thirsty land springs of water.

The advent of the Saviour into this world means exceeding abundantly above all that man has ever been able to ask or even think. To believe that Jesus is able to save His people from their sins in this life baffles the faith of many. Nevertheless those who believe and have their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb are the ones who will enjoy the final completeness when we shall have perfect minds and immortal bodies in a land where nothing can be added.



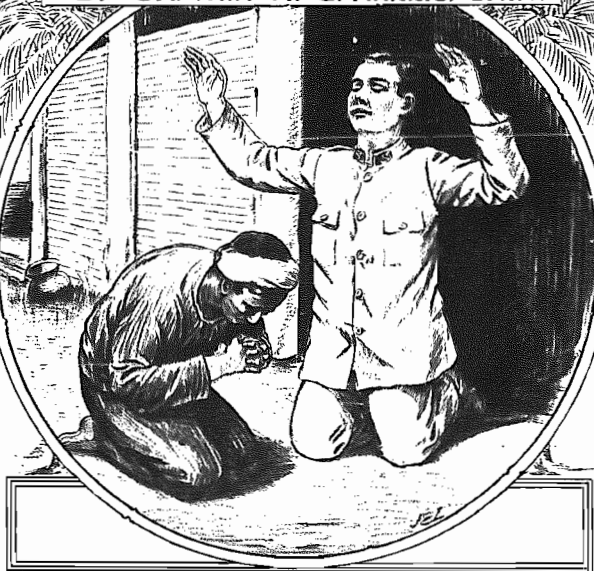
MY LITTLE WHITE HOUSE in the EAST

By CAPTAIN W. G. HARRIS, JAVA.

COME, rest a while on the shady verandah of my little white house in the East. Do you lack inspiration? You will find it there. Do you need rest? You may stay there undisturbed. Do you need a faith tonic? The remedy flows like a stream at the very gate. It is adventure that you seek, you say; then take this flying trip round Gibraltar, through the Red Sea, call for a drink of Ceylon tea in Colombo, make a good landing in Java, and then, after a hot and dirty train journey for a couple of days, you may arrive at the nearest station to this little white house in the East. After that it is merely a good day's jaunt! A few miles in a stuffy puffing omnibus, a few hours in a rickety native dog-cart which, by the way, is generally black and quickly makes your white clothes the same color, and then—the road ends. So you must walk. Shank's pony will quickly take you inland, amid scenes of typically tropical verdure, and to points of wondrous panoramas and soul-stirring sights of beauty. The rice-fields rise in terraces on either side of the narrow path. The coconut palms—fine feathery fellows they are—are seen everywhere, and here and there little darkies gathering their fruit.

Never mind the natives, even if they do stare. They are friendly fellows, but it is a rare sight to see a white man on this rough track. Be careful in crossing this stream; you must jump from one rare and slippery boulder stone to the other, but keep your nerve, take the risk, and you'll probably escape the wetting you anticipate. Here, take my hand, and I will help you up the steep bank on the other side. Avoid the centre path on that steep hill; it is far too slippery to be safe; the recent rains are responsible and—hi, boys, quickly!—make for yonder tobacco plantation. There are buffaloes coming, worthy beasts and tried, no doubt, but distinctly averse to white men. You must cross a bamboo bridge which has no sides. It is narrow and very shaky, but if you don't look at the rushing stream below it is quite an easy matter. Now through the shady bamboo lanes, round the corner, up a hill, and through a few more villages; now hurrying past the unbearable smell of a native market, with the usual hungry dog at your heels, and now it is only a sharp and rather rugged descent to this little white house in the East.

You don't think much of it? Well, waive your judgment awhile. In spite of its bamboo walls, which may tremble as you strop your razor, it is a wonderful place to me. I admit that the floor is only earth, that the roof is a trifle leaky, that there is plenty of mud outside; yes, and that the windows are only holes in the wall, but, nevertheless, it is our own little home, and the heaven-



house for Jesus in the village. Take care! The doorways are rather low. I think I bumped my head five hundred times during the first fortnight here but painful experience is a good teacher, and I am careful now.

The post comes twice a week—that is, if we fetch it; the nearest white man is some miles away, and will never trouble you, so if it be rest and quiet you want you may sit in the shade of the coffee plants or bamboo and not be disappointed.

But, come! Dinner is ready. You'll enjoy it, I am sure, especially if you acquire the palate for plenty of rice. Yes, the ants are a nuisance; that is why we stand everything on water-filled tins. What is that on the wall? Oh, that's a char-chay. Unsightly creatures, aren't they? but we never kill them, for they eat the mosquitoes and keep away malaria. Are there snakes about? Yes, but not many, although I killed one the other day about five feet long.

Now, I'll show you the rooms. This is the eating-room, of course. (Mind that trap on the floor, that is because there are so many rats here.) That is where we sleep, and there is your room. You should have a good night, for this is where we pray, plan and believe, and it is this room which helps to make this house the whitest in the kampong. It is the love factory of the district. The Lord Himself visits us in this room, to fan our spark of love into a burning flame, that, blazed by heavenly winds, spreads the glorious message of Salvation, joy, and peace throughout this thickly-populated area.

Ah, well, good-night! I hope you will sleep well. There may be noises,

but please don't be disturbed. A rushing sound on the roof will be the rats. A baa under your window is our milk supply, the goat, or you may hear the horse trying to kick his stable down. He usually makes a twice-nightly attempt. The noise of the long-tong only means that the village watchman's imagination has been stirred, and that he thinks thieves are about. Sometimes an insect called the tok-ek calls in a very loud voice, but he is a harmless sort of fellow, so don't fear him. A dismal dirge means our Mohammedan friends are attending to their devotions. And if you hear the creak of the bamboo door, at about 5.30 to-morrow morning, well, that means it is time to get up.

The native school stands within a stone's throw of my little white house, and so, with the rising sun, come some of our dark-skinned boys to school. Gaze into their faces as they listen during the half an hour of religious instruction, and watch them as they sink. Are they not an inspiration? They acquit themselves very creditably, too. They are one of the charms of my little white house in the East. Soon after breakfast the daily stream of callers comes and goes. Some are people to sell their eggs, or bargain about their rice; cute people these, who long since have heard of the love which belongs to the white house, and so try perhaps to ask from our hearts more cents than our purses can allow. A little troublesome, perhaps, this type of caller, and yet they make me love this little white house, for here is the place to win them for Jesus, the only strong anchor in this rushing stream of heathendom. An occasional beggar,

and then throughout the day come the sick, with their high fevers and ghastly sores, not the best of company, perhaps, but they make me loathe to leave my little white house in the East.

A few Sundays past a native man, dusty with travel, came to my gate and begged to be told the way of Salvation. He sought a true religion, and in a few hours the front verandah of my little house became a very sacred spot, for there he found it.

Yes, I thought you would realize it; this house has a peculiar charm of its own, it calls you from afar. There is nothing else like it for miles, no place so clean, no place of such happiness, no other spot where comfort is to be found, help given, Salvation preached. Yes, this must be the secret of its charm. Wonderful white house when, after hours of visitation in native quarters, long journeys in the broiling heat, crossing torrents, and climbing mountains, we come within the shelter of this little white house to treat our scorched skin and wet our parched lips, and find it so good to be home!

Only a bamboo house, perhaps, but its doors stand open wide to golden fields of opportunity, and there, in the countless villages dotted so thickly near by, lie myriad priceless treasures, jewels of eternal worth, living souls, possessions which even our blessed Lord doth covet. So I am glad of this little house, crude though some think it is, for it is the gathering treasure-house of gems, which, living in darkness, have never revealed their charm but which, brought into the light of God, shall shine as the stars in the heavens.

Methodists the angels would love to be here and certain I am wherever I roam, the heavenly charm and insistent appeal of this wonderful work will call for my return to this quaint little home—my little white house in the East.

Christmas Thoughts of Home

AT Christmas, more than any other season of the year, our thoughts turn toward the spot which enshrines for us the endearing associations of "home." It brings together members of families who for the year never see each other, but who hail with delight the Christmas summons "home."

It asserts itself to men, who at all other seasons, are engrossed in selfish pursuits; they are compelled then, if at no other time, to think once more of the "old home," and seldom indeed, is it with feelings other than of pleasure. Home, sweet home, and never sweeter than at Christmas! May the happiest joys mark the Yuletide gatherings of all readers of "The War Cry."

Christmas

AND HOW TO OBSERVE IT

By THE FOUNDER

CHRISTMAS has come round again! I have always felt a peculiar interest in the season. In childhood there were the merry games and the extra feeding, and in after years the family gatherings and the Salvation festivities. Therefore to me Christmas has always been more or less a lively time.

I suppose Christmas has been a similarly interesting occasion to you; and I am glad that it should be a season of gladness for all. So arrange your family gatherings. Collect the loved ones scattered abroad. Hold your Corps festivals. Shut out dull care. Trust in God for to-morrow. Bring out your music, and make merry in the presence of the King.

But, jealously forbid everything that is foolish and trifling, and in any way calculated to lead any one away from God. Let every pleasure be pure, and such as could be enjoyed in Heaven, and let every gathering be hallowed and brightened by the presence of your Lord.

Try, this Christmas, for an *increase of family affection*. Husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, relatives and friends far and near, strive to make the anniversary of the coming of the Christ of Love an opportunity for loving one another more.

Let this be a *Christmas of heartfelt forgiveness*, where there is anything to be forgiven. Next week I shall say, "Do not carry any bitterness of spirit against any human being into the New Year." This week I anticipate "the Old Year out," and say, "Do not carry any grudges, revenges, or other un-Christlike feelings over Christmas. Have a Christmas of Brotherly Love."

Let this be a *Christmas of practical sympathy with human sorrow*. Remember the poor. If you have no other way of showing it, send a trifle to the Social funds. They always need help badly. But on no account allow any poor widow, or orphan, or aged, helpless, or afflicted Soldier in your ranks to spend this Christmas without some extra comforting cheer. You pray God to remember and bless them; but you must remember and bless them yourselves.

Before all else, however, let this be a *Christmas of Salvation*. That will make it really joyous; that will ensure its being a pleasant memory in after years.

Let it be a Christmas of Salvation to yourselves. You had Christmas when Jesus Christ came to your souls years, months, or it may be, only days ago. And He lives there to-day. But His saving word is not yet finished. There is still something to be done by Him in your feelings, in your imaginations, in your tempers, in your affections, in your secret lives before the work that brought Him from above is complete. He came to save you from your sins. Not merely to save you from sinning in the past, but from sinning in the present. Can we do anything better with this Christmas than welcome Him to our hearts and allow Him to accomplish in us all His blessed will?

But, my comrades, we must go further. I want you, more than ever before, to make this

a *Christmas of imitation*. Christ came not only to be a Sacrifice for our sins, but an Example for our lives. What do we see at Bethlehem? We see there the Christ, come out of His Heaven from the bosom of the Father, from the companionship of the angels, to the humiliation of the manger, to the sufferings of a life of poverty and shame, and to the agony of a cruel death. And all to save the souls of men. Come along, and begin this Christmas-time the imitation of Jesus Christ in this respect.

The manger was the beginning of our Lord's Salvation career—the gateway to the road that led Him to the Cross; the embracing of all the shame, the anguish, the suffering, and the death that followed. In coming to Bethlehem, He consecrated Himself to all the toil and sacrifice necessary to the saving of the world.

Let us, with such powers as we possess, go forth to the doing of our share of the same blessed task. But to do this will mean our coming down out of our heaven of ease, or comfort, or respectability, and perhaps a great many other things desirable to flesh and blood.

As He left His Heaven, and His Father, and His celestial glory, so if we are to do the same kind of work, we must imitate Him in the manner of doing it.

So come down at this Christmas-time. Come down in the spirit of a little child, nay, in the spirit of your great and blessed Redeemer. Say to your Heavenly Father, "Take me, O God! Mould and fashion my future in the way that will best carry forward my Master's work and be most likely to secure the end for which He came. I, too, will be a Saviour."

"Like Him, saving souls shall be the great end for which I will live."

"Like my Lord, I will go in the wilderness and fight with devils, to rescue them."

"Like my Lord, I will suffer hunger and thirst and loneliness in order to teach them."

"Like my Lord, I will go to Gethsemane in agonizing prayer and intercession, in order to deliver them."

"Like my Lord, I will face the mockery and scorn of heartless, godless men, to win them."

"If called to the painful task, like my Lord, I will die to save them!"

You sing:

I will follow Jesus,
Follow Jesus all the way.

That is good. Heaven loves to hear you; but only where the life squares with the song! Oh, again I say, let us all begin afresh this Christmas the following of Jesus. The Father will be pleased that it should be so. He will come to you. He will guard and guide you and, best of all, He will make,—

Your humiliation a glorious exaltation,
Your suffering a great joy,
Your conflict a grand victory,
Your sacrifice the Salvation of many, many, many precious souls!

WILLIAM BOOTH.

FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

Fifty-eight Canadian Officers are Proclaiming the Glad Tidings in Africa, Ceylon, India, China, Korea and Japan

WE have many vivid memories of joyous Christmas seasons spent in dear Canada, but the happiest Christmas of all to us was that of 1921, when Mrs. Bexton and I, in obedience to the Master's call, arrived in Peking, China, as Canada's Christmas gift to these dear people.

To thousands of souls in this great land, the announcement of Christ's Birth is as new, and just as joyful, as it was to the shepherds of old.

May we not only enjoy this Christmastide but may we possess the true spirit of love. Let our motto always be "Others."

Yours affectionately,

WILLIAM BEXTON, Ensign.



is. Best of all, "we're in the Father's care," and can rejoice together, though separated.

MRS. WALTERS, Staff-Captain.

"SHENG TAN CHIH HSI!" Thus, and with an Eastern bow we greet you all! for these words mean "Holy birth happiness."

One misses the snow—the sleighs—the tinkling bells—the bright shop windows—the holly wreaths—the Christmas jollity, the secrets—the excitements—in which all are immersed, but here, in China, oh! glory to God! the Christmas message is sounding, and again and again do we hear the chorus:

"O! come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee."

As the angels sang, shepherds and Wise Men knelt in ecstatic adoration, so Christ's coming to the hearts, and into the lives of the Chinese, brings "holiness."

That every reader may know this, too, is the Christmas wish of

CLINTON AND DOROTHY EACOTT, Captains.

It is with great pleasure that I comply with the wishes of your Editor to send you a Christmas message.

Christmas is a time of thanksgiving and rejoicing. It is the time, when in a special sense our minds go back to the first Christmas in the long ago, when God gave to the world His dearest and best gift—the priceless gift of His only Son—Jesus.

MAGGIE MORRIS, Ensign.

WHILE you dear Canadian comrades are praising God at this season of the year for sending Jesus into the world to be your Saviour, thousands in this beautiful land of India are also lifting their hearts to God in thankfulness for this same Jesus Who is their Saviour too.

Jesus came to save the world. Is He your Saviour? The people of India are receiving Him. Are you? Mrs. Grose joins me in wishing all a happy Christmas, and a New Year of Salvation joy.

ROBERT B. GROSE, Brigadier.

HOW time flies! This will be the third Christmas I have spent in China. It only seems but a few months since I bade farewell to the homelands folks at St. John's, Newfoundland. When Christmas comes round, however, my thoughts dwell more than usual on the home I love. But we enjoy the Yuletide season here in China very much indeed, for we always give a special treat to the poor people, and try to show to them the joy that comes to our hearts by knowing and believing in our Lord Jesus Christ. The Chinese have no Christmas like ours (excepting the Christians who have believed), for there are millions yet in China who know not of Jesus Christ. I urge every "Comrade in this great war" to pray that very soon every Chinese shall know of our Saviour.

MABEL B. PAYNE, Ensign.

(Continued on page 13)

We Remember You

WITH THANKFULNESS to GOD, INSPIRATION to OURSELVES and BENEFIT to OUR CAUSE

MISSIONARY Comrades, think not that you are forgotten. Truth to tell, you are oftener in our thoughts than you were when you fought shoulder to shoulder with us in this great Dominion. Then surely you were "of the crowd," but to-day you are distinguished members of our great Order of the Cross. Times beyond the telling, our thoughts travel to the outer rim of our world battlefield, and we think of you—and some amongst us do so with a curious blending of admiration and envy. True, your days are streaked with loneliness and struggle, but how glorious your opportunities and fruitful your effort.

Know, Comrades one and all, that though you fight far afield the influence of your devotion is as leaven in our midst. It is a stimulant to many when the Tempter whispers that "The fighting is too hard, and that health will surely fail," and urges some to "Mingle with Heaven's gold a little of earth's dross."

May the Gracious Finger of God touch you in a special manner this Christmastide, and may the presence of Him whose Nativity we commemorate abide with you in increasing measure throughout the years ahead.

our very best this Christmas time, and in doing so we shall bring blessings and the message of peace to others who sit in darkness.

That the Christmas season may bring you all much happiness, and 1925 be unto you a year of much prosperity and fruitfulness in service is the fervent wish of your comrades,

On Active Service in Africa.

JEAN AND A. G. ASHBY, Ensigns.

I WANT to wish my comrades in Canada a very happy Christmas. I never valued the comradeship of The Army more than I do now, and at Christmas time, more than at any other season, one's thoughts turn to home and loved ones.

What a beautiful world this is, and what a beautiful season is Christmas, when friends, far and near, remember one another in a special way. At one such season since I have been in India I received loving letters and remembrances from fifteen different countries, mostly from members of our own big Salvation Army family, making one realize more than ever how rich a Salvationist

MY inmost soul craves one boon, just one; that, the Salvation of the people of India to whom I am privileged to minister. My greatest problem is, how can I better exemplify Jesus to them? All I have said, done or written in the past simply emphasizes the fact that they will only be drawn to Him through that one predominating characteristic which differentiates Him so completely from their own objects of worship—His love.

Oh for a deeper realization, a clearer vision of His sacrifice, a further baptism of the Holy Ghost, that I might go forth humbler, purer, a more worthy representative—to turn the superstition-filled, custom-bound hearts of the people I love toward Him Whom I love "more than all."

DAISY M. THORNE,

Staff-Captain.

HIS Christmas Day let there be a whole-hearted consecration to the Prince of Peace Who recalled man to God. Silver and gold, frankincense, myrrh, and other of earth's costly jewels, may not be ours to present, but within our possession are God-given talents. Let us present those treasures to Him to-day. The writer, some thirty-four years ago, in the city of Kingston, Ontario, made that consecration to God, and to-day the covenant made is as sacred a trust as ever. For the past twenty-four years He has permitted me to labor on India's Mission Field, and for what has been accomplished I thank God, and take courage. A very happy Christmas to all.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Major.

CHRISTMAS is interwoven with memories of the past—happy childhood, merry family gatherings, and, for some, much needed service for others. We desire this Christmas, of 1924, to be a blessed, happy, and fruitful season to all our beloved Canadian Comrades. The coming of the Christ on that first glad Christmas morning has brought such joy and gladness into the world, and that wonderful atmosphere of Heaven into our own individual hearts. If you would really celebrate the Christmas season it must be with the Christ of Christmas enthroned as Saviour and King, living in your heart and bestowing His wonderful blessing of peace. As the Wise Men brought their gifts from the East, shall we not bring to Him, "THE PRINCE OF PEACE,"

He Came

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

THESE simple words express the realization of the greatest event that the world had yet known. Prior to this glorious time no such positive, realistic statement could have been made. Generation after generation from the beginning of human history had looked with eager, expectant eyes into the future, and had again and again prayed and longed for the promise: Redeemer of Israel.

Finally, anticipation blossomed into reality and the "We have seen" of the Wise Men heralded a new era. Infinitely wonderful must have been those first moments of our Saviour's life—moments of revelation to the lonely shepherds, who, having visited the lowly manger, "returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had heard and seen;" moments of unalloyed jubilation to the angelic hosts as they sang, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men!"

So He came, divinely appointed into the world to accomplish His mission. Almost needless to say, the actual advent of the long-promised Messiah was vastly different from what had been expected. Many thought that the Messiah would be born, not of an obscure and distant offshoot of David's line, but of some branch of good rank and superior standing. As a temporal King, they had hoped for a masterful Leader, who would re-occupy the throne of David—One who would break the triumph of the Roman eagle and by conquest subjugate all the Gentiles of the earth. They hoped for a Messiah who, as a spiritual King, would convert to the true religion all such as would yield themselves to His power and utterly destroy all others. This thought was so dominant in the minds of the Jews that at the time of Jesus' entrance into Jerusalem they were at the point of putting it into execution.

Many a prophet had anticipated this joyous Dayspring, but it was Simeon, happy saint, who, having looked upon the Son of God, said: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word; for mine eyes have seen Thy Saviour." "We see the Saviour, helpless and indigent, yet effecting the entire Roman empire—lying there with scanty provision for personal comfort, but with the adoration and offerings of the Eastern Magi. What lowlier scene than the abject life of a despised wanderer? Yet the magnificent exhibition of the celestial regions forms great contrast—truly a mean picture from an earthly standpoint, but celebrated royally by angels! A wondrous bright Star guided visitors from distant countries to the poor lodging, and there they found the Christ-Child, Who, in His helplessness, was more powerful than Herod on the throne. Just as His birth was a kaleidoscope of contrasts, so was His entire life—human limitations, discomforts, blessings, angelic jubilation, hallelujahs. His life was continually tinged with suffering. The shadow of the Cross was on Him even in Bethlehem, and it deepened until it finally reached Calvary. Immediately following the baptism, when the Holy Spirit descended upon Him and the voice of God made Him illustrious, He was delivered to be tempted. His transfiguration, like His life, was glorious, but He then learned of His approaching suffering at Jerusalem. Again, as He rode into the Holy City, and was adorned with acclamations of "King" and "hosannas." His hands were wet with His tears, weeping over rebellious, malicious, sinning Jerusalem. He was a Man of Sorrows, and even His natal day heralded the fact.

At the Christmas season, however, we like to dwell upon the beauty and majesty of Christ's advent. We love to think of Jesus as a sweet Babe—loved, adored, the recipient of the gifts of worshipping hearts; of Christ, the Wonderful, Counselor, Prince of Peace. Such meditation causes us to rejoice and to be exceedingly glad, for the Christ of Christmas is our loving Redeemer.

He has come—come from the "Ivory Palaces" to this earth! Oh, may we who live this Christmas Day, for whom He came, bring to Him, with adoration and love, our gifts—the best we have. O Lord Jesus, accept and sanctify them for Thy glory! Lead us on—on until all mankind bears Thy image and can say, in spirit and in truth, "He has come!"

And Why

"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the Devil."

HE air was laden with a heaviness that was typical of the age; the little town of Bethlehem was wrapped in slumber as profound as the ignorance that prevailed throughout the land; the stars were doing their best to burn a hole through the darkness, as though in sympathy with the far-off star in the East that was leading Wise Men to the Christ. A few men watching their flocks by night, were looking for the dawn of day, while angelic choirs in glad haste came outward on the gladdest mission on which the hosts of Heaven were ever sent. Music that had its inspiration in the heart of God thrilled the lowly shepherds as they learned, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The WORD was made flesh, the Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace had come. Immanuel, GOD WITH US, was here.

Rome was beautiful in its magnificence, and magnificent in its beauty; its palaces were of marble; its avenues thrived with life; its buildings were the wonders of the world, and kings came to court the favor of the mightiest nation on the earth; but the Son of God, the Son of man, came to the little town of Bethlehem, not to the palace of a king, not to the society of the noble of earth, not to court the powers of this world; but to the poor, to the manger. Rome has its music and its poems, but it never heard such music as the choristers of Heaven gave to the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem that night when Jesus came.

Why did He come? And why did He come as a Babe? Well worth asking, and well worth our thought.

He came as a Babe to link Himself with our humanity in its weakness, to teach us the value of infantile life. The world needed to get the lesson, and it has not gotten it yet as it should. There is nothing more helpless than a babe, and nothing sweeter. It is a little casket that has within it an immortal soul. Every Jewish woman of olden times, longed to hold her own babe in her arms, for it might be the Messiah, the Son of the King, the Deliverer. In every mother's babe there are immense possibilities; he may be a Wilberforce, a Summerfield, a Wesley, a Booth; and he should be nourished and watched over prayerfully for the sake of what he might be. The plan of Him who sent the babe, as God had a plan for the Infant Jesus, and the Child came to do His Father's business, so He has a plan for every child; and childhood received its patent of nobility when the WORD was made flesh.

He came to the poor. Are you not glad of that? The majority of us are poor. It does us good to know that He comes to poor folks to-day. He does not enquire

about the style of your house and home. He stands knocking at the door, and will come in if you will show the least disposition to welcome or admit Him. Oh, some of us want "Mission style," others want "the Colonial," "the Elizabethan;" but He never thinks of the style. He is thinking just of you, and how He would like to come and dwell with you. He kept it up all along the way, that whenever a poor man cried after Him, though he were blind and a beggar. He would stop, and talk with him, and help him. Jesus was a friend to the poor and came to show how riches of imperishable worth may be obtained.

But what is undoubtedly the great objective for which He came is summed up in the text, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." That is the great of the incarnation. He came into the world to lay hold upon sin, to influence that deadly thing that breaks hearts, wrecks homes, and digs graves. He came to save from sin, and fit us for Heaven. Let those of us who profess kinship with Him, tell out the sweet story, and let us so live that men and women, young and old, may see His power demonstrated in our lives. Our opinions are widespread. Daily we come in contact with people whom we wish to influence in some way or other. If we accurately represent our Saviour in our conversation and attitude, we can safely leave the rest to Him Whom we serve.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Christmas is the season of kindness. Christmas celebrates the coming of Christ into the world, and the heart of the Christ message is love—love expressing itself in natural channels of friendliness and good-will, love that "suffereth long and is kind." If we have kindly emotions, let them have their way and blossom into kindly thoughts and kindly deeds. Let the free child spirit of open-hearted friendliness prevail. For this is the child's festival, celebrating the birth of a Child, the wonderful Giver who gave Himself for mankind. Let us carry the Christmas spirit through all the following days that come and go with all their measure of care or pain or pleasure, and bear in our hearts the inspiration and love, hearing, above all the sounds of earth and sense, the song of the angels heralding the birth of the Saviour of mankind.

AFTER MANY DAYS IN INDIA

THE Indian sun beat pitilessly down. Even those born in the country, whose ancestors had for generations past endured the furnace-like climate of this South-eastern portion of the great Peninsula, had spent hours lying under the trees or in any nook where there was a chance of escaping the vertical rays of "Old Sol."

The village was typical of thousands of others in India. Here was the inevitable temple, where the villagers brought their offerings to Siva, one of the Hindu deities; there, the straggling, uneven lines of grass-rooted mud houses. A little to the right was the well, from which was obtained the supply of water for the village. From the village site could be seen acres of land under tillage, where the paddy (rice) was growing, and the least movement of air caused that wonderfully beautiful mass of green to sway gracefully—a picture once seen, never forgotten. Here and there, through the village, stood the stately date palm, and yonder a tope or grove of thickly growing mango trees.

In scenes of such oriental beauty was found the squalid filkhet village of R—, a village into which no Christian had ever entered, which had never beheld a Missionary, but which was under the sway of the Hindu Priest who came at intervals to perform some of the questionable rites pertaining to that religion, and to extract from the villagers contributions of money and food.

As the rays of the sun slowly slanted towards the west, there entered the village a group such as had never before been seen there. Four of the number were their own countrymen, but they were garbed in some strange fashion, with bright red coats, on the breasts of which were inscribed words that, even if the villagers could read, would convey no meaning to them. In addition to the red coats, these invaders of the village wore dhoties, shoulder-cloths and turbans of Khavi—the sacred color of India, and across the turbans a band as red as their coats, and bearing the same mystic signs. With them there came a foreigner, a white man, and lo! he also was dressed in like manner to their own countrymen. Some of the men of the village who had had at times disputes with ryots (land-owners) had been to the Court of the District Magistrate, and had there seen white men, but never were they dressed in this wise. Others in the village, however, had never before seen a white man.

In awe and wonderment the villagers gathered round their visitors, who had begun to sing in their own tongue, and in the style of their own lyrics, some strange thing about a God who was loving—not fierce and angry—And who had given His Son to bear the punishment of those

By MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN WATKINS



First appearance in heathen village

would almost have convinced the listeners that there was some truth in it.

Time and time again the Officers visited the village, and the report of these visits reached the ears of the Hindu Priest, who threatened all manner of dire calamities if they continued to listen to the "heresy" taught by the Mukti Fauj. After long consideration, however, the headman, with a following of villagers came to the Divisional Headquarters, and told the Officer in charge that they had decided to give up the worship of Siva, and that they desired to be instructed in such a way and manner that in due time they might be accounted as Christians. Great was the joy of the Officers. The Hindu temple was demolished, a small mud building was erected as a Sana Sala (Army Hall), the names of the villagers were entered on the Adherents' Roll of The Salvation Army, and Officers were appointed to the village.

When the heathen villagers turn to Christianity, one of the first desires expressed is that their children may have some education, for many of the parents have no learning whatever. In R— the usual request was made, and a Day School was started. Some short time after the commencement of our work there, two mothers died on almost the same day, one leaving a bonny boy, and the other leaving two little sons and a daughter. These children were in due course brought to our Boarding Schools, the three boys coming to B—, and the little girl, Gnanamani (pronounced Yahnemony), to N—. The children grew and learned well, and in course of time gave evidence of real knowledge of the religion of Jesus Christ.

When I first came in touch with Gnanamani, she was about ten years of age, and was in hospital, sick. We learned that one day when the doctor came on his rounds, he said, "You are a brave little girl. I know you must be suffering a great deal of pain, but you are bearing it very patiently." Gnanamani answered, "Jesus helps me, Doctor Sahib. When the pain is worst, I pray to Him, and He helps me."

The doctor was much moved by the simple testimony of the child, and when he was leaving the Hospital, he spoke kind, encouraging words to her, bidding her always to testify about Jesus, and giving her a tiny coin of money—a two-anna piece (equivalent to four cents). This was a great joy to Gnanamani, and when she got back to the School, she said to the Principal—"Mamma, look! I have got two annas. The Doctor Sahib gave it to me. Oh, Mamma, through the love of God, I have always had food and clothes, and God's love in your heart made you come to take care of us, but, Mamma, this is the first money I have ever had of my very own. I am so happy!"

As in the story of "Mary and her little Lamb"—everywhere that Gnanamani went, her two-anna-piece was sure to go! After some months, the

world-wide effort of Self-Denial approached, and the Adjutant spoke very clearly and plainly concerning the meaning of the Effort, and towards the end of the actual "Week," Gnanamani was to be seen going about with a very serious look on her usually smiling face. One day, she came to the Principal, and said: "Mamma, I've been thinking—'What about your two-anna piece?'" "What about your two-anna piece?" queried the Adjutant. "Well, Mamma, I think I ought to give my two-anna piece to Jesus in Self-Denial. It is the only money I have ever had of my very own, and I have been so happy to have it, but I do love Jesus, and I think I ought to give Him my two-anna piece." The Adjutant looked at Gnanamani and at the tiny piece of money being held out to her. Then, to her mind came the picture of the boy who had only five loaves and two small fishes which, when given to Jesus, fed a multitude, and she wondered how far, on the same basis of calculation, Gnanamani's two annas should go. She secured it in the same spirit of love and devotion in which it had been offered, and praised God that the true spirit of Christ had taken possession of the heart of even this little one, who had been born in a heathen home.

Gnanamani grew in stature, and by dint of perseverance excelled not only in her lessons, but also in all the womanly arts and capabilities. In due season, she became a Corps Cadet, and eventually a Cadet, all in the same Institution to which she was brought as a little child. Then, as it is not customary for single women Indian Officers to be appointed to the Field, thoughts and plans began to form in the minds of her leaders regarding a suitable partner for Gnanamani.

Readers will remember that there was a small boy, left motherless in a village R—, just about the same time as Gnanamani's mother died, and that the boy, Joseph, had been brought to the Boys' Boarding School at B—. At this School, he was the youngest child, and became a general favorite. As the years rolled by, he grew into a tall, fine boy, and did exceedingly well in his lessons. When he had reached the age of twelve years, however, there came a message one day that his father was dying, and in haste he was sent off to his village. A few weeks passed by, and as the boy did not return to the School, an enquiry was sent to the village Officer, who made answer that the boy reached home in time to see his father before he passed away, but that since the funeral, he had not been seen in the village, and no one seemed to know anything of his whereabouts. He seemed to have vanished, and no one had an idea where to seek him.

Two years passed away, then one day there arrived at the Headquarters in Madras a boy, tall, alert, with sparkling eyes and smiling face. After giving a respectful "Salaam" to the Brigadier, he said, "Don't you remember me? I am Joseph, who used to be at the School at B—." The Brigadier replied, "Of course I remember you, Joseph. But where have you been? We have made many enquiries, and have never been able to discover where you went after your father was buried."

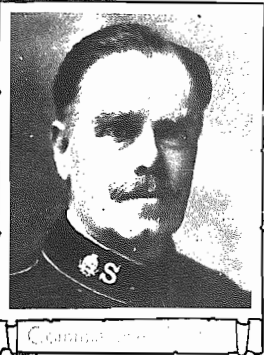
Then came the story of how some of his dead mother's relatives had come to R—, when they learned of his father's illness, and after his death and burial, they had practically compelled the boy to return with them to their far-off village. With a wonderful light in his eyes, he said, "Now the people of the village have paid my expenses to Madras and back that I might come and beg you to send Officers to take charge of it." "But," said the Brigadier, when he heard the name of the village. "That is a heathen village. According to our customs, usage, the Salvation Army cannot take charge of a heathen village. If we had a Corps near, we could arrange for Officers to go there visiting the people, and instructing them, but we cannot take charge of a heathen village." Joseph replied with humility and yet with dignity, "Once it was a heathen village. It was when I was there, but I knew that after what I had learned at the School I would never be a heathen again. I made up my mind, too, that I would not forget what I had learned at the School. I thought the best way to keep me remembering it was to tell it to others, so I used to get the boys together, and tell them all the things I could remember. Then sometimes the men would come and listen to me, and last night all the women and girls used to come, and every night I talked to them and told them about Jesus and how He loved us all. Now, all the people in the village, except one old woman, (Continued on page 19)



"You are a brave little girl!"

who had broken His laws! What new teaching was this? Gods could only be harsh! And who, even if he were a god, would give his son to bear the blame that belonged to others? A daughter might perchance be given, but a son! Never! Thus they reasoned among themselves, while each of the "invaders" spoke or sang about this new doctrine with such assurance and confidence as

THEY LEAD THE FORCES OF CANADA EAST



TO READERS OF THE CHRISTMAS "WAR CRY,"

and particularly to my own dear Salvation Army Comrades, I wish a glad Festive Season filled with the brightness of the Saviour's presence, and with that joy which comes from loving, consecrated service for others.

The Wise Men of old brought gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Babe of Bethlehem, and we can still bring to the Christ of Christmastide the gold of gratitude, the frankincense of purity, and myrrh of devotion—then those around us, to whom Christ and Christmas convey so little inward meaning, shall see a beauty in Him as His character and purpose are revealed in our lives, radiating peace and good-will to all.

"I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
For that great love which made Thee mine;
I have not much to give Thee, Lord,
But all I have is Thine."

Chas. Burton.

Commissioner.



AS we, this joyous Christmas Season, remember God's great and tender love to us, revealed in the gift of Jesus, may our hearts afresh be drawn out in deeper and truer devotion to Him.

The Heavenly Host proclaimed the glad message, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," and we give God glory for all who have received this joyful message. But, alas, there are many who are still bound by evil habits, and who do not know where to find deliverance. Let us then, this Christmastide, dedicate our every power to Christ, and with greater love and earnestness tell out the story of His redeeming love.

Wishing every "War Cry" reader a Christmas of cheer and blessing, and a New Year filled with the presence of Christ.

Eleanor Howton.

(Mrs.) Commissioner.

A STABLE—a manger—a charming mother and a sweet child. There is a picture that appeals strongly to our human instincts. A radiant Youth—a marvellous Teacher—a persecuted and forsaken Leader—a dying Martyr—a risen Christ—a personal Saviour! This is the soul-stirring and convincing sequence by which the Redemption of man was effected.

It is because of all this that we are able to wish for one and all of our Comrades and friends in The Army, as well as of that larger fellowship in Christ, "A Happy Christmas and a Glad New Year." And your happiness and mine through the days and years of our lives will be enhanced more and more as we show forth the praises of our Christ and King by our pure lives and unselfish service in His cause.

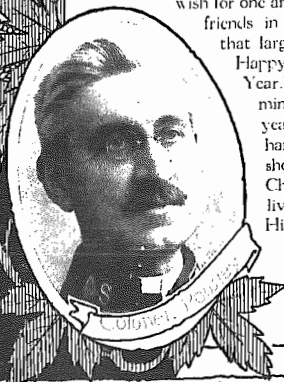
WE celebrate another glad anniversary of the greatest event in human history—the birth of the Holy Child, Jesus. Just how much happiness that event has brought into the world it is impossible to imagine. To untold millions down the ages it has made all the difference in life and death, in this world and the next.

Let us all rejoice and be exceedingly glad, tuning our hearts anew at this time to sing the praises of our loving Heavenly Father whose gracious purposes for mankind have been so wonderfully fulfilled. Let us join in the song of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

I hope that this may be for all my Canadian comrades the happiest and the most useful Christmas of their lives.

Horace E. Powley.

(Mrs.) Colonel.



Alfred E. Powley.

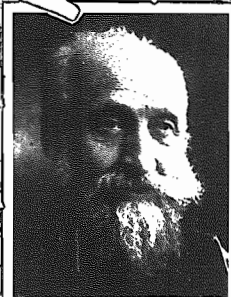
Colonel.



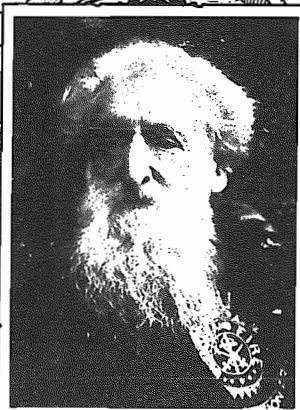
SALVATION ARMY PATTFINDERS



Commr Booth Tucker



The Late Commr Railton



WILLIAM BOOTH



Commr Charles Jeffries

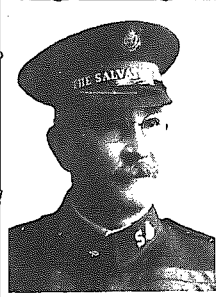


Commr Henry Mapp



ENLISTED IN THE EIGHTIES

Major Mac Namara



Colonel Miller



Mrs. Col. Miller



Lieut. Col. Des Brisay



Lieut. Col. Bettridge



Mrs. Lieut. Col. Bettridge



Staff Capt. Cameron



Mrs. Lieut. Col. Hargrave



Lieut. Col. Hargrave



Lieut. Col. Noble



Lieut. Col. Noble



Mrs. Col. Morehen



Lieut. Col. Morehen



Brig. Southall



Mrs. Brig. Southall



Lieut. Col. Adby



Mrs. Brig. Jennings



Brig. Jennings

God's Call

BY
THE GENERAL

THE coming of our Lord Jesus Christ was the Call of God to the lost and ruined families of men. He plunged right into the thick of human affairs, into the very centre of human life and conflict. He came as the Messenger of God—He proclaimed the Word of God—He spake as the Voice of God. But more than all this, *He was Himself God's Call to man.* The kind of life He lived and the death He died—what He actually was more than what He did—constitute the great Call to us to come to Him—to know Him.

Many gifts and qualities combine to make Jesus supremely wonderful to us whose eyes have been opened. His miracles and His miracle-working power. His teaching, so exalted and generous, and yet so near to human need and life. His knowledge of the Father and of the Father's Will. His intimacy with man and sympathy with woman and gentleness with little children. His supremacy over all His surroundings. His dignity. His wonderful claim to be one with God—*He who hath seen Me, hath seen the Father.* His manifestation of self-control and self-discipline. His constant putting of His own judgment and character to the proof before the people. His readiness from the very earliest days to give Himself up for the Truth—a readiness which brought Him at last to death, even the death of the Cross. *How striking, how wonderful it all is!*

But all taken together, this would not have made the Call. Even all this might have been possible in Jesus without making an effective appeal to our poor wavering, weak, and empty hearts. Beautiful and glorious as it certainly is, if it were all, we are too dark to see its beauty—too dull to perceive its glory. Without something more to quicken and inspire, we should be little above the trees and flowers and hills that are surrounded by wonderful and beautiful things which they cannot see, cannot feel, can never know.

It was His love that was the attraction—indeed, it was that which really made all else in Him draw us. It was His love that we felt—that touched our inner springs—that opened our eyes—that called to the good in us to awake and stand forth—that sent us strong thrills and inspired in us wonderful and holy longings. Love made His Word come near to us—made it so true and wise for us—so sweet and precious—yes, even when it condemned and hurt. Love made His Will our will—made it take possession of us—made it holy and acceptable to us—made the supreme prayer in our lives: *'Thy Will, not mine, be done.'*

Love turned Him from being merely our great, wise, faultless Example into our most beloved indwelling Saviour. Love opened our eyes and hearts to the secrets of His own union with the Father and with us. Love let the light into our consciences, our sensibilities, our reason. Now we know Him. Now we are learning to know Him more. Now we walk in the light. Now love casts out those twin sources of failure—darkness and fear.



General Bramwell Booth

God's Plan

BY
MRS. BOOTH

HERE is something entrancing in the thought of the joy in the hearts of multitudes of children all over the world of Christendom as the Christmas festival draws nigh.

To realize the full extent of this is difficult, but perhaps for Salvationists it is enough if we strive to enter into the Christmas joy of Salvationists and Salvation Army families. Think only of the countries where our Flag has more recently begun to wave! In Celebes, in China, in Brazil, in Czecho-Slovakia, as well as in other places where The Army Work has been longer established, happy parents—some for the first time—will turn their thoughts towards the Manger and the Babe of Bethlehem, and overflowing with gratitude will ask, "What can we do at Christmas-time to help our children to know our Lord?"

As I think of the Christmas festivals of the past, I realize from my own experience something of God's plan for His children. The family, and the home—which is like a precious garment surrounding and shielding it—were instituted by Divine wisdom in order to continue and train human life according to the Divine plan. And this plan of home and family is not for this life only, but is the model for our life in the world to come. The Bible speaks to us of 'our Father who art in Heaven,' of 'the household of God,' and of 'God the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named.'

Our Heavenly Father's desire is that every home should be a place where children may find it possible to obey that command of His, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' God's command at that time gave the mother a place of equal honour with the father. It is easy to think of this command in its relationship only to the children and young people, but it is not possible for children really to honour an *Unworthy* parent. If parents are to be honoured by their children, they must so act as to command the respect of those children.

Mary was a mother who had vision for the future of her Child. She received her Babe as a trust from God. In this she was a model mother. Every moment of His infant life and developing childhood, was precious to her because she saw it as a mirror of the future. What He was to-day, what she helped Him to do to-day, so He would be and do in the future years. It was thus she was worthy of His honour.

How much cause there is for Christian gladness! Has not the Babe who came into Mary's arms shown us a way by which we can safely reach the love of our Heavenly Home? Has He not shown us in His life and example and by direct revelation of God's will, that our earthly home can be a shelter from the storm, a place of mutual love, mutual helpfulness, mutual incentive to growth in the things of the Heavenly Kingdom; united joy! May true Christmas joy and peace abound in the homes of men, but especially in the homes of our dear Salvation Army people this Christmas time, while we ponder the Christmas message, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men."



Mrs. Bramwell Booth

Salvation Army Pathfinders.



Commr. Robert Hoggard



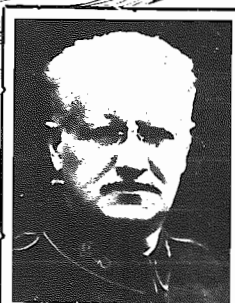
Lieut.-Col. David Miche



Colonel Allister Smith



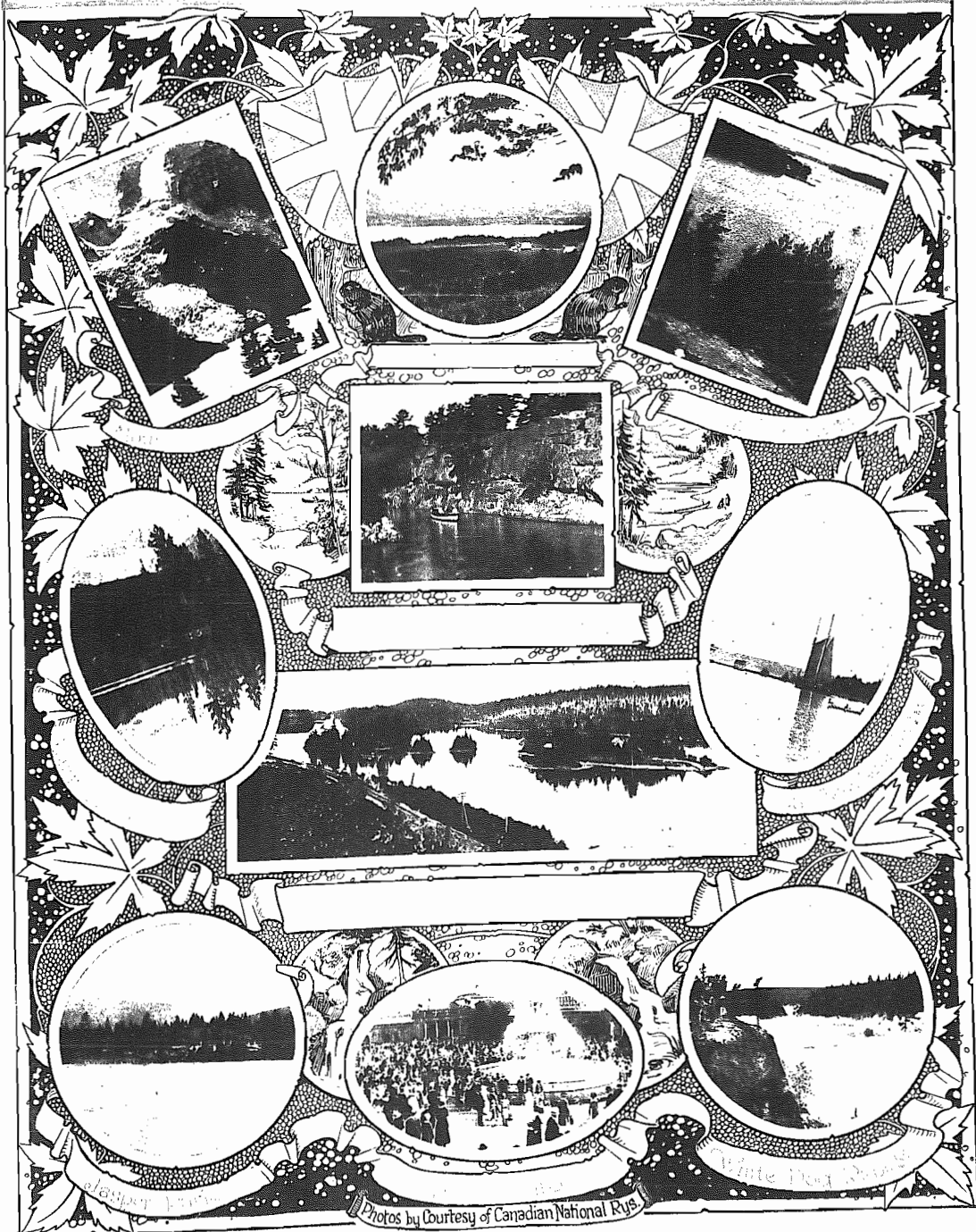
The Late Commr. Hanna Ouchterlony.



Commr. Karl Larsson.



Canadian beauty spots.



Photos by Courtesy of Canadian National Ry.

MINISTERING IN HIS NAME



"The greatest artist is she who paints a smile upon the face of suffering."

IT is in this exalted artistry of human life that The Salvation Army nurse is particularly skilled. She is apt in that alchemy which transforms suffering into blessing by a touch of sympathy.

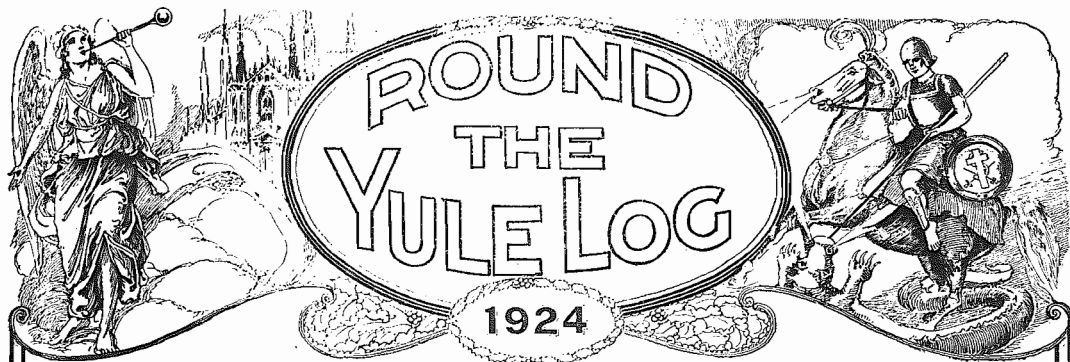
Wherever there are hearts that pine, bodies that suffer, souls that despair, or lives that are broken—she finds fit subjects for her skill. To the bedside of many a lonely and smitten woman she bears her palette of song, sympathy and smiles, and adds therewith a beauty touch to the picture she is painting.

The canvas upon which she sometimes spends her labor is the heart of a wronged woman or the body of a handicapped babe.

In the watchful vigils of endless nights, and in the unrelieved nerve-testing hours spent in the operating theatre, she is attacked by the undertow of mental and physical fatigue. She would fain have someone touch her own pale cheeks with the cherry hue of health and restfulness. But the impulse of love bids her stand faithful. All about her may be the weird moanings of tortured patients, the gruesome sight of mangled humanity, the inarticulate demands of infant voices—but she heroically lightens the drab atmosphere with the tints of optimism.

All honor, then, to these splendid women who watch while others sleep; who work while others weep; who practice while others preach. In this life they may never see more than unfinished canvas, but the Law of Eternal Justice demands the straightening out of life's inequalities. And to those who minister in His Name, God will reveal at the Golden Daybreak the picture painted on earth.

"This sad old earth's a brighter place
All for the sunshine of her face;
Her very smile a blessing throws,
And hearts are happier where she goes;
A gentle, clear-eyed messenger,
To whisper love—Thank God for her!"



NUMBER 1

Prisoner Set Free

EVERYWHERE the spirit of Christmas-tide was manifest. In the houses, on the streets—there was no evading it. It had invaded the town of X—, despite snow and the most hard times. Everybody seemed to be remembering someone else. Santa Claus became an object of veneration, and good behavior was promised by the young folks in order to assist his memory and stir up his generosity.

But over in the local Jail was Old Bill, forgotten, down, and almost out. He was remembered as a "hopeless case," and given up by all.

After days of anticipation, Christmas Day dawned, bringing gladness to old and young. The town settled down to enjoy the season's festivities. But in the Jail yonder—Old Bill, in his misery, found no joy in the coming of Christmas morning, for no one seemed to care about him. The merry bells rang out their tuneful message, but there was no responsive chord in his poor, crushed heart for the booze had shattered all gladness and joy out of his life. So it was much to his astonishment that the jailer handed him a parcel, bearing a card with this message:

"The Salvation Army wishes you a Merry Christmas. God Bless You!"

Little attention had been paid by Bill to The Army, except to give it an occasional curse. But as he repeated the greeting over and over again, it had a new sound, and the message awakened hope. On his release he determined to learn more about the people who remembered him when imprisoned. His coming to The Army Hall created a stir, and that night when Old Bill heard the message of love he also found the peace of God to be his portion.

Now, up in Gloryland, whilst praising the Lamb and joining the grand A-mens, no doubt Old Bill thinks sometimes of those who played Santa Claus to him that Christmastide of long ago.

NUMBER 2

The Lost Found

JIM was a fine big fellow and a typical Yankee. He was a hard worker and gave great promise of managing his father's business when the latter retired. However, unfortunately for Jim, he had a clinging weakness—he was hot-headed, and occasion-ally "new off the handle." It was this hot streak in his character which got him into trouble just before Christmas a few years ago.

As the Christmas rush of business was very heavy, Jim got out of patience with the way his dad was doing things, thinking he could manage much better if he had his own way. Naturally, the father resented the interference with the result that Jim got hot-tempered and struck the old man a blow which prostrated him. Jim suddenly disappeared and, after a time, was given up for dead.

To cut a long story short, however, one Winter Jim turned up at the Montreal Salvation Army Shelter after he had spent his money in riotous living. He attended Meetings at the Metropole for about three months, with the result that "he came to himself," and the lost was found. Jim had an interview with The Army Officer, and told a sad story. His parents were advised that their son was not dead, but very much alive. A cheque was forwarded by the elated father for the prodigal to get fixed up and come home immediately, and great, big six-footer Jim cried like a baby and took his departure.

Eighteen months after this event, a Hudson seven-passenger car stopped in front of

STORY COMPETITION

READ THESE STORIES and vote—your vote may mean ten dollars to someone and five dollars to someone else. These stories are not signed, as we want each story to be judged on its merits and not because readers know the writers.

The votes will be counted after January 9th. Each voter has eight votes. All may be given for one story, or so many for one and so many for others. State on post card number and title of story, number of votes, name and address of sender, and address to Editor, "War Cry," 20 Albert Street, Toronto.

BE SURE TO VOTE
IMMEDIATELY.

the same Shelter and out bounced a tall, fine-looking business man. He inquired for the manager, and the first words he said were, "Don't you know me, Cap?" I must confess that I did not. It has often been said that "clothes don't make the man," but it made a mighty big change in this fellow. "Don't you know me?" he repeated. "Why, I'm Jim, the bum, or rather I was when last in Montreal. But now, thank God, I am Jim, the business man, of Brooklyn, New York, and in passing through Montreal on a trip, I just simply had to come in and show myself. Everything is all right and I am now attending church regularly, and prospects for the future are good."

NUMBER 3

Saved At Drumhead

DURING our command in Bermuda, the Citadel at Hamilton was closed for repairs, which necessitated "carrying on" in the open-air. Bermuda weather lends itself very favorably for such a course. In connection with these Meetings a chair was our pulpit, and the drum our Penitent-form.

One beautiful moonlight night our stand was outside a bar-room. The comrades rallied and the opening song was lined out—"There is a Better World." During the singing I noticed a frail woman open a door, come out, sit on the step, and listen attentively.

Finally, the comrades knelt in prayer, I gave the invitation to accept Christ, and four seekers came forward and found mercy. We were about to close and were singing, "He died of a broken heart," when I noticed this woman come forward with faltering steps. Placing her cushion beside the drum, she knelt, and there the loving Christ healed her broken and contrite heart, to which fact she rose and testified.

That was the last Open-air she attended. We assisted her back home, and the next day visited her, but found she was too ill to rise. When calling upon her from time to time, she expressed gratitude to God and The Army for carrying the Gospel message to her door, and asked the privilege of becoming a Soldier. This request was granted, and on what afterwards proved to be her death-bed, we enrolled her under The Colors.

On our way to the boat which sailed for Canada, my last act was to visit her. "I am so glad I found Jesus at last," were the parting words she uttered.

A few weeks later we received word from Captain Church, saying that our Comrade had forded the River, and was buried with a Soldier's honors. Another redeemed soul sings around the Throne this Christmas because Christ was proclaimed in the Open-air.

NUMBER 4

From Living Death

IT HAPPENED in a British Columbia gold-mining town. The rush of gold-seekers had found their way up into the mountains, and with them had come The Salvation Army with its beneficent influences, scattering sunshine and gladness everywhere. With the gold-seekers had also followed that dangerous element known as "the underworld," and just on the outskirts of the town these workers of iniquity had built palatial houses in which to carry on their nefarious traffic. I had just retired to rest when suddenly a loud knock aroused me. Answering the door I found a young woman in great excitement, breathlessly trying to tell me I was wanted and begging me to follow her. Having donned my coat and cap, I soon found myself mounting the steps of one of these houses of disrepute. The large doors were thrown open and I was bidden to enter a spacious, well-lighted room. Upon doing so I stood in the

(Continued on page 19)



Make Room for the Saviour

by Colonel Cloud

and Christ cannot long dwell in the same palace and be at peace. Let me ask you here—has the Infant Jesus been throttled by the Herod of your soul? Or vice versa? Let this Christmas Day be a time for spiritual retrospect.

On that first Christmas morning the Holy Child seemed powerless amidst those beasts, but around Him there sounded strange songs, prophetic of coming glory. The star of hope, too, was in evidence. Similarly, when

gave his testimony as to how he found Full Salvation. After conversion he tried every way to live and grow in favor with God, but absolutely failed. God revealed Himself to him in a dream. He dreamt he was in a very dark room. His eyes grew accustomed

to the darkness, and he saw that the room was very dirty and disorderly. He commenced to try and clean it up and put it right, but the more he tried the worse it got. Then a gleam of light streamed into the room, but with it a greater revelation of its dirty condition. While thus in the act of cleaning, a knock sounded at the door. He answered, "Oh, I cannot admit anyone into this room in this condition." But the knock came louder. He then went

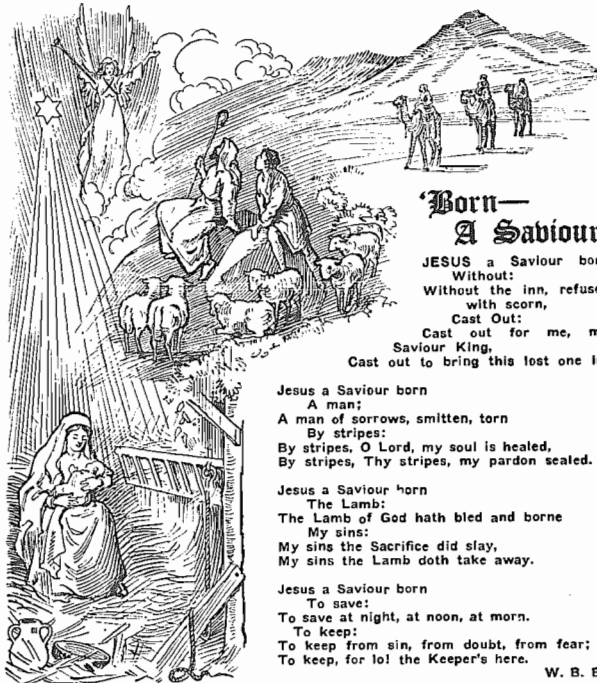
THE chief purpose of the first advent of Christ was to destroy the work of Satan in the human heart, and in consequence to make the heart a throne for His own sovereignty.

Now the heart of man may be compared to the stable at Bethlehem. As a babe Christ came into the world and was surrounded by adverse conditions of life. There were animals all around Him, and the quarters were quite inconvenient for such an one as the Prince of Peace. Even thus may the Saviour be born in the human heart. At the birth of "Christ in you," He comes as a child. He does not delay His appearing until the person is reformed any more than He waited for Bethlehem's stable to be cleansed. When the Word was made flesh He came in the form of a helpless babe, with all the limitations therein implied. He was born King of the Jews, even while Herod occupied the throne. He still comes in the same way. He lies down in the heart even in company with such that is undesirable, but in whatsoever heart He is born, let Herod beware!

There may be born to you this day, in the manger of your heart, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. If He has not already made entry there, prepare the manger, make room for His presence. There was no room for Him in the inn; He was crowded out. But, thank God, He did find a place, even if a humble one, midst the beasts of the stable. Regard not your unclean estate then, but in faith prepare for Him a resting place. He will come, vile though you be.

Some reader may say, "I made room for the Prince many years ago." If so, what is your experience to-day? When Christ was born in Bethlehem an Idumean usurper sat upon the throne, and all about were wars and disturbances. But there came an end of Herod's reign. When Jesus was born in your heart, He found opposition to his immediate ascendancy. There were selfishness, Herodian greed and malice, and a horde of beastly habits. Has there yet been ushered in an era of peace and deliverance from these annoying tyrants?

Within you functions that God-given faculty of conscience. Like the still small voice of an infant it insistently warns against the contrivings of Herod, in fact it makes him a coward. He would like to destroy that voice. He knows that he



'Born—A Saviour'

JESUS a Saviour born
Without:
Without the inn, refused
with scorn,
Cast Out:
Cast out for me, my
Saviour King,
Cast out to bring this lost one in.

Jesus a Saviour born
A man;
A man of sorrows, smitten, torn
By stripes:
By stripes, O Lord, my soul is healed,
By stripes, Thy stripes, my pardon sealed.

Jesus a Saviour born
The Lamb:
The Lamb of God hath bled and borne
My sins:
My sins the Sacrifice did slay,
My sins the Lamb doth take away.

Jesus a Saviour born
To save:
To save at night, at noon, at morn.
To keep:
To keep from sin, from doubt, from fear;
To keep, for lo! the Keeper's here.

W. B. B.

He first came to your soul you were conscious of new victory, and yearned after higher things. There were aspirations after goodness, longings for purity. These new yearnings were gifts; gold, frankincense and myrrh, attesting to the inborn Presence within the heart.

The Gospels portray the Son of God in conflict with all the works of darkness—hatred, envy, death, disease. He is yet in conflict with evil forces. He shatters idols erected in human hearts. He destroys death by the gift of life; disperses darkness by the gift of light; abolishes hatred by the gift of love. He, Himself, is Light, Life, and Love.

A great Holiness advocate once

to the door and asked, "Who's there?" and the answer came, "I am Jesus Christ—may I come in?" The dreamer replied, "Oh, I cannot let you come in yet, wait until I clear things up a bit." He tried again, but failed—yet the knocking and pleading continued. Christ said, "I can make the disorder order, the darkness light, and I can clear away the dirt if you will only open the door." At last, tired and weary, he stretched out his hand, lifted the latch, opened the door, and in walked THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. He dispersed the darkness, all became order, and the dirt disappeared. The man awakened with Christ in possession. Reader, ponder the story. There is power in it!

GREETINGS From Our MISSIONARIES

Continued from Page 6

CHRISTMAS greetings from Sunny Rhodesia to all! A year's fighting for God and The Army in this country finds us well and happy. Our testimony is "We have pleasure in His service, more than all!" How about you, dear reader? Have you also this blessed experience this Christmastide? On that first Christmas there was no room for Him in the inn. Do you say, "No room for Jesus"? This will be the happiest Christmas you have ever spent if you accept the babe of Bethlehem as your Saviour and King. God bless you. Yours in the fight.

CAPTAIN AND

MRS. H. WOOD.

It is difficult to think of Christmas as enjoyed in Canada, when in this land we melt under a burning sun, and perpetually mop our perspiring brows. It is possible, however, here to enjoy the Peace of Christmas of which the angels sang at the coming of the Prince of Peace. May every reader at this season have a realization of that Peace which no earthly thing can disturb, and help to bring about that reign of Peace in hearts as yet in rebellion to our King. A joyous Christmas to you all!

C. MABEL BELL,
Captain.

CANNOT allow this opportunity to pass without wishing my Canadian and Bermudian comrades and friends a very happy Christmas and God richest blessing for 1925. May you enjoy much of His presence and peace. At this period of the year my thoughts naturally revert to the past, and I think of happy Christmases spent in England, in Canada and Bermuda, and I praise God that in spite of the fact that I am far removed from my dear parents, from the friends of my childhood, and the scenes of my early Officer service for the Master, yet I am enjoying to the full the sweet companionship of the Prince of Peace whose advent we are commemorating.

Canada can count on me, even as I am counted worthy by our loving Saviour to minister in His Name in this Mission Field of Korea.

KATHLEEN HILL (Mrs.),
Staff-Captain.

MAY this Christmastide be a time of blessing to you all. It is the one festival of the year that affects us whether we live in the East or West. Our hearts are softened as we think of happy Christmases gone by, of hallowed and holy times spent in the service of the Master, of the babe who came to bring peace and goodwill to all.

Your thoughts and prayers are very precious to us in lonely stations at all times, but especially so at Christmas. Please continue to remember us at the Throne of Grace.

A happy Christmas to you all.

ENSIGN AND
MRS. SMITH.

THE ANGELS' GLORY SONG

BY BRIGADIER COLVIN,
Australia

(Specially Contributed)

ALM on the air of night
fell the angel voices, starting
the rudo shepherds keeping
their lonely vigil on the wide stretches
of the Judean plain, where
tune lands around Bethlehem, where
days gone by David had tended his
father's sheep, and Amos had driven
his herds and dressed his sycamores.
The air became vibrant with melody,
an angel form stood before them.
The sky was filled with seraphic
beings, enchanting music made the
heavens ring, whilst out of the sleeve
of darkness shone the star; His star.

Peace and Good-will

And what was the burden of the
Angels' Song? And what was the sig-
nificance of the Star?

The song of peace, "Peace on earth
and good-will to men," whilst the star
symbolised guidance and hope.

Christ came to bring peace. He is
the "Prince of Peace."

"The wrong shall fall,
The right prevail."

"Peace." How comforting the word.
There is music and harmony in it. How
our imagination conjures up a thou-
sand delights, a cloudless sky, fields
laughing with a harvest, peace in
hamlet and vale, cattle upon the hills,
workmen undisturbed pursuing their
labors, no war and clangor of battle
afrighting the people with dread any-
where.

The song and the angels have set
men dreaming, "dreaming of peace."
The workshop, the ending of unhappi-
misunderstandings between master
and man; peace in the State, rival
parties in unholy rivalry no longer,
but all men's good each man's rule;
peace betwixt the nations, the sword
no longer to be the cause of unspeak-
able horror. But beautiful as are all
these dreams, and compassed as they
are by the Angels' words, they fall
far short of what Christ's gift in-
volves. The peace He gives is not
superficial, but radical; it means, first
of all, peace in man, peace at the
centre of things." The best educa-
tion, after all, is not so much that
of the head, but that of the heart.
"Naked," knowledge," said an old
writer, "makes the head dizzy, but
never makes the heart holy."

His Great Purpose

To teach men to love each other,
to deal justly, to love mercy, to be
brood in their sympathies and gener-
ous in their deeds, was the purpose
of the Christ-Man's life. Unfortunately,
the wealth of generosity, the treas-
ures of beneficence oft-times curdle in
the "slimy and stagnant pools of
selfishness."

Let the spirit of Christmas possess
the hearts of all our readers; the
fountains of benevolence gush forth,
fertilising the arid plains of selfish-
ness, relieving the necessities of the
poor, drying up the tears of the sor-
rowful, pouring in the oil of comfort
into breaking hearts. Aye, remember
those smitten by the late war, the
wounded, the mothers and fathers,
the children!

If we have money, "It may put on
the snow-white robes of an angel, and
pass out into the streets, and gather
up little children in its arms, and do
the Saviour's work." It is this last
transformation of wealth that brings
the most blessedness to the place
where it goes and the bosom from
which it springs!

Then three cheers for Christmas.
Keep up the words of a transformed
man: "I am as light as a feather. I
am as happy as an angel; I am as
merry as a school boy." A Merry
Christmas to everybody. A Happy
New Year to all the world.

YULE STORY COMPETITION

See Page 17 and Register Your Findings before January 9th

presence of a tragedy, for at my feet
a man lay dead, and on a lounge
there lay a young woman in what I
thought were the throes of death.
The young man, who lay dead, had
shot her four times. I approached
the woman, and while I knelt by
her side, she cried out, "O Captain,
am I dying? If I am, for God's sake
take me out of here! Don't let me die
in this place; it is hell!" Until the
doctor came I prayed with her, and
around us were gathered eight other
girls who likewise knelt and prayed.
The young woman did not die. She
promised us to have done forever
with a life of vice; she returned to
her mother and is now a good
Christian woman. But how very near
she came to losing her soul that
Christmas-time of long ago!

NUMBER 5

Imagination?

CERTAIN Officer, still loyally
doing his bit, suffered severely
from asthma. When he was ac-
cepted for the work his doctor told
him he'd be dead within a year.

It is reported that this Officer
that on one occasion he and his Lieuten-
ant were specialising at a strange
Corps and were billeted with an
Army friend. It was a hot night, and
the Captain's asthma was very bad.
He went to bed, but lay awake a long
time gasping for breath until he
realized that he was dying. He wrote
his Lieutenant and asked him to
please hurry up and open the window
and get some fresh air into the
room, as he was almost suffocated.
The Lieutenant, half asleep and in
total darkness, rose and tried to
locate the window. He was so long in
doing so that the Captain urged him
to make haste or he'd be dead. The
Lieutenant at last got his hands on
the glass window but for the life of
him he could not raise it. The Cap-
tain repeated again and again his de-
mand for quick action before he passed
away, until at last he was told by the
Lieutenant that he couldn't raise the
glass, demanded that he smash the
glass. The Lieutenant did, and
with a sigh of intense relief the Cap-
tain breathed in the life-giving ozone
and was soon asleep.

In the morning, they found that it
was the glass front of the bookcase
that had sufficed!

The explanations to the kind host-
ess in the morning were made with
some difficulty, as it was manifestly
impossible for the Captain to account
for the fresh air invasion, and he
admitted that he lived by imagination
had kept him in the land of the living.

NUMBER 6

Love's Gift

T LAST—Christmas morning!
The children danced with glee
because the Mysterious Visitor
had come. He had brought presents
and toys, "just what I asked for."
But here is a parcel the postman has
brought. Whatever can it be? When
opened, the parcel was found to con-
tain a rag doll, a few small desecra-
tions, and a card of greeting. They
came from "Grandma." She was not
their grandmother by natural rela-
tionship but, what is much better,
the bond of love between her and the
little ones she was trying to please.
She was poor, getting quite old, and
slightly bent by hard work. The
crude rag doll had cost her much
trouble and was very little, but its
love's sacrifice had been great. No

present was more appreciated than
this one, and it took first place
amongst the presents of that day be-
cause "Grandma" was so dearly loved.
Although she was poor, she was kind
and good, and she gave her best out
of a heart of love.

Many of us receive gifts from
friends at Christmas time, and we
anticipate long thoughts of the
giver. God "so loved" that He gave
Jesus, the choicest Gift of Heaven,
to become the Friend of sinners. Yet
how poorly we seem to express our
gratitude for His gift, which is so
priceless and to the whole world.

NUMBER 7

Helped by Music

HILE the writer was stationed
at Chatham, some years ago, the
following incident occurred:—

An Indian boy lay dying, and one
day he was visited by a Methodist
brother who attended our early
morning Meetings. On a certain
morn'g, as we were holding our
Open-air, this dear brother stepped
into the ring and, giving his testi-
mony, said, "Friends, I have just
come from the death-bed of a poor
Indian boy. I have regularly visited
and prayed with him, but this morn-
ing I noticed he was getting weaker,
and realized he would soon pass
away. During my visits I have tried
my best to point him to the Lamb of
God. However, I pressed the ques-
tion of his soul's salvation more
earnestly this morning, and tried, by
the help of the Holy Spirit, to make
the Way plain—but his mind was
very dark. I had almost despaired
of getting him to grasp the truth,
when suddenly the strains of music
from your band burst upon the air.
It was playing that beautiful
old hymn, 'I'll stand by until the
morning.' I've come to save you, do
not fear." It seemed as if God Him-
self had spoken. The dear fellow's
eyes brightened, faith took the place
of fear, and that moment he was en-
abled to take hold of the promises
of God. He received, and almost
at once, passed into eternity. I am
now on my way to my Bible Class,
but I felt I must come and tell you,
and say, 'God bless The Army
Band.'"

NUMBER 8

Through the Keyhole

FOR Tom! It seemed as
though he would never be
anything but a drunkard,
with wild eyes and a thirst
which no amount of drinking
could quench. Again and again
he had promised the magis-
trates before whom he appeared
that he would reform, but all
his promises were of no avail.
The little party of Salvation
Army carollers singing of the
birth of the Saviour awoke Tom
from his drunken slumber on
his straw bed in the little hotel
he called home, and dragging
his weary form across the floor
he put his ear to the key-hole
and listened. The woman with
whom he lived, roused by his move-
ment, went over to the door and with
him also listened to the voices.

Neither had any idea of how near
Tom was to the end of his days. So
often had come these spells of ex-

haustion, consequent upon his whole-
sale imbibings, but this desire to
listen to the Salvationists was some-
thing new, and gave the woman
cause for wonderment.

Suddenly, getting up on to his knees
and putting his hands together, the
drunk-slave said, "Mark — Mary — a
Saviour — Christ — my — Lord! My
Saviour! — Have—mercy—on—me!"
and fell into her arms. His spirit had
flown!

AFTER MANY DAYS

(Continued from page 8)

are Christians. They have given up
worshipping in the temple, and they
serve the true God. Oh, Brigadier,
won't you come and see for yourself?

The Brigadier went, and found that
it was even as Joseph had said. The
whole village, with the exception of
one woman, had forsaken their idol-
worship, and had turned to the living
God. Officers were soon appointed,
and from that village there has gone
out to the surrounding villages such
influence as has caused enquiries to
be made, and an appeal to be sent
to the Headquarters, stating that
"The people in your village are hap-
pier and better than we are. Come
and teach us also, that some day per-
haps we may be allowed to be called
Christians."

Joseph was brought back to School.
He resumed his studies, and in due
course entered the Training Home,
and after passing creditably through
a term of Cadetship, was commis-
sioned as a Lieutenant in the Telegu
Field.

On Christmas Day, 19—, there was
great excitement among the Officers
and Soldiers at N—, for a marriage
had been arranged for that day and
place, and there we see Joseph and
Gunnamani pledging their fidelity to
each other, according to the rites of
our beloved Army.

We cannot further follow them,
but if you could visit a certain Salva-
tion Army centre near the coast of
the Bay of Bengal, you would find a
happy, successful young Captain, with
a bonnie, bright little wife, spending
and being spent for those who are in
the dense darkness of heathenism.
Methinks too, that the same words
that came to my mind would also



"Don't you remember me?" he asked,
"I am Joseph."

come to yours—"Cast thy bread upon
the waters; for thou shalt find it
after many days."

A PIECE OF CALM HEROISM.

SHE was a Swedish girl and a member of a band of brave-hearted, love-inspired Salvation Army Officers bound for the East.

At first she was occupied with the ordinary routine of life afloat in much the same way as were her comrades. The sweet rest of a soul obedient to the vision was hers, and her happy face spoke of a dancing heart.

As the days winged their flight and the waters of the Indian Ocean began to splash and leap about the ship's sides as if welcoming an old friend, a change came over the young missionary girl. She seemed to court solitude, and would pace the deck deeply wrapped in thought, as if meditating some difficult problem.

Her changed expression and demeanor attracted the attention of a Staff Officer traveling on the same vessel. He had recognised the change, had noticed her bewildered expression. To him, it all seemed to indicate some inward battle. What it might be he could only conjecture. Was she thinking of hardships ahead, to which the ship wit every stroke of its mighty engines was taking her? Perhaps her thoughts were in her Homeland? Some fears, it may be, were battling for possession of her? She might be in need of counsel? He must try to help her!

Grasping a convenient opportunity, the Major approached her. "You seem to have some burden," he said in kindly tones, "Can I help you?" "Thank you," she answered, "but I am afraid you cannot. Not just now. Leave me alone a little while."

Mystified, the Major left her, but thinking she might unfold her difficulty to him if she had a further opportunity, he later again offered his help, only, however, to be met by a similar response.

Accident, however, brought him to her side one day as she stood leaning over the ship's rail with her round fur Swedish cap in her hand, tightly gripped.

It was the kind of cap Swedish women Salvationists wear in the cold winter months. In the land to which she was going, she would have no use for it.

Twice the Major had seen her in this attitude. Apologizing for his intrusion, he would have withdrawn, but she stopped him. The cloud had lifted from her face, and a calm resolution seemed to have taken its place. The struggle, then, was over! Had it been victory for her?

"You may stop now," she said. And there she stood, that young, brave figure, with her arm stretched out, holding above the waters in a tight grasp, the fur cap.

Let us pause for a moment to take a glimpse of the battle that had been raging within the breast of our girl missionary, for a conflict there had been, as fierce as any that ever raged within the human breast.

Her thoughts had been far away across the waters, in her dear homeland. Again she had



seen the familiar homestead—the beautiful home of comfort she had sacrificed. Never had home and the homeland seemed so dear and beautiful to her. Never had the things she had sacrificed seemed so precious.

Once more, in her imagination, she had been roaming over her native country, and had feasted her eyes on the magnificent rugged scenery of her own land, with its snowy, bold and noble mountains, deep, narrow, well-wooded valleys, its bleak plateaux, its wild ravines, picturesque lakes, its immense, wild and silent forests of birch, pine and fir trees, its superb glaciers and fjords of extreme beauty; but always her visionary flights would end in and around her home. Then she would explore the familiar rooms; and see again the pictures and everything she knew so well. Like old friends, they seemed to smile at her. There were her father and mother, from whom she had parted at such cost, made so much costlier by their discouragement of her step.

Her father had written to her: "Come home for Christmas." She fancied how eagerly they awaited her answer that she would come. Oh, how she longed for a sight of those dear faces once more. How she yearned to feel the touch of her parents' embraces and the hugs of her little sister; but then, ever dozing these desires, like a detective shadowing a thief, came the remembrance of the impossibility of it, if she was to stand true to her vows—those sacred resolves. Had she not given herself up for missionary work, and could she not now almost feel the hot breath of the heathen land upon her cheeks?

What should it be? Where should her Christmas be spent?

Should it be a Christmas among those whom she loved, surrounded with ease and comfort, or should it be away from them all, perhaps alone? Should she turn back at the first opportunity and embrace all those allurements, or should she press on—on to the unseen?

Upon this issue, it was that at such a period of advance along the path of duty, a pitched battle was being fought on the battleground of her soul.

The flesh cried aloud with almost irresistible entreaty, "Back! Go home! Leave it all!—all this

dark, shadowy future." And the unknown loomed up before her as some vague shape, speaking hard-ship, loneliness, discouragement. "Abandon the idea!" cried the flesh. "It's a mistake."

But shouting above this voice, rang out the cry, "Forward! Remember your member your own."

The two voices each brought their appeal. Which would she heed?

The round, fur cap she had brought with her from home, seemed to link her to the homeland. If she returned, she would need it again. Should she keep it? Or should she destroy the last link which bound her to her beloved land?

Never before had the things she had left behind seemed so garlanded with attractions; they applied to her with fresh enticement now that the momentary excitement of getting away had passed itself. And now, approaching the altar where her sacrifice was to be made, she had come to a halt, and stood gazing at it, holding her sacrifice in her hand.

With fresh beauty, she saw all she was sacrificing; she thought of the delightful, happy Christmas gatherings and festivities which she would enjoy if she returned. How the faces of her father and mother would light up when they saw her! How heartily they would greet her! Her little sister—how she would run to meet her!

There would be the tobogganning down the snowy, white slopes by the light of the glorious, blazing Aurora Borealis, and then, leaving the snow, they would gather round the blazing logs and listen to father recalling the Christmases of his boyhood.

They would listen to the chiming of the Christmas bells and join in singing the sweet carols.

"Come home for Christmas!" echoed through her mind, and she fancied she heard her father's appealing voice.

Oh, how the old, bright memories of past Christmases came crowding into her mind, jostling one against the other in their endeavor to gain attention, and like old acquaintances, each made a plea to her.

Should she go? Then the bright picture would fade, like a dissolving view, from her mind, and in its place would come another—a picture in more sombre colors—a picture of the missionary fields, the toils, the trials, the discouragements, which lay hidden behind the curtain of to-morrow. All the stories of hardship she had read came back to her and the picture seemed blacker than she had ever before seen it.

But in it she saw, with all this, the appealing faces of millions of dark heathen—children, women, and men, her brothers and each dark face seemed to be pleading with her and beckoning to her. This was the picture she had seen when she had just dedicated herself to missionary service.

But after all, she was only a girl, with a natural shrinking from life painted in such sombre colors. Could she not do some useful service in her own country? Had she not, after all, made some mistake?

And thus the conflict waged. It was a stern struggle, victory seeming to rest one moment with the voices on one side, and the next, to lean to the other side.

But finally the issue was decided. The young Swedish girl's tender, compassionate heart, full of the Christ love, could not bear in vain the entreating cries of the dark heathen multitudes, nor turn unheeding from their beckonings. To the enticements she turned her back. She faced the cross.

As the Major watched wonderingly, the girl unclenched her hand and her fur cap dropped, and was soon a plaything of the swirling waters. The last link with her homeland was severed.

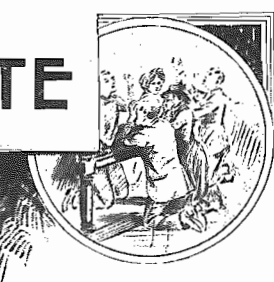
She had advanced to the altar. The sacrifice—her dearest and best—now other than her own, young promising life—was laid upon it.

That Christmas the merry bells of the homeland were not heard by her ears; but sweet bells rang in her heart, and angels sang to her—sweet carols that she had ever heard.



LOVE AT THE GATE

BY LIEUT COLONEL WM. NICHOLSON



COME with me in fancy to a town far southwest, and let us fix eyes and ears and heart on one thing, viz., the march of The Salvation Army through the town. Why this march? Keep your eyes open. Listen! Here they come. Now, all attention, please. A Flag will be the cue.

"There are many Flags you say."

"Yes. As the brave array sweeps along under the bridge in the main street, with hundreds of townsfolk marching in front of the 'banners, we see the Flags of the many Open-air Brigades carried by the Brigade Color Sergeants. But it is not the Brigade-Flags we must notice, but the Corps Flag. The one right in front."

Look! It comes; it is passing the policeman on duty, and he watches with keen and appreciative eyes as the ranks pass line on line. Surely he understands the significance of The Salvation Army procession! Now, as the Flag goes by, note the man who carries it.

We must not make the mistake of supposing that the erect and soldierly Color Sergeant, to whom, with all this ado you are introduced, is really representative of all and sundry in the Salvation march. True, he represents the spirit of the others, but his career is sufficiently distinctive, even amongst the many Corps trophies, to call for special remark.

Let us march ahead the Color Sergeant, and if, as he goes squarely along, there is a suggestion of drag with either foot, or if his wrists seem to give under the strain of the flag pole, as the fluttering Colors pull, keep the facts in mind; there may be a significance in this. It will be well, also, to remember that the Color Sergeant speaks in the Open-air, and sometimes he cries:

My chains fell off, My soul was free;

I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

And the words have more weight than they might have if you or I uttered them.

And this brings us at last to the subject of our story in the person of our much-respected Comrade who, the march over, awaits in the Officers' room.

Mark well the answers he gives to the questions we put.

"Why did I convert? Why, eleven years ago, on the 17th of February."

"Where? In this very hall!"

"Why did I take that step? I was sick of the life I was living, and I could not have gone on living unless I had altered."

"It was in a bad way? Yes, that I was." Silence fell for a spell while he quelled the troubled recollections which moved within his memory.

"What brought me to a decision? I was tired of the way I had been going on and very downhearted. One night (who can explain why I did say it?) I said to my wife, 'Look here, I'm going to The Salvation Army! I'll turn over a new leaf.'"

"Will you?" she said, eagerly. You see it was a wonderful thing for me to say. She knew I could not pass a public-house without going in, and she knew all my terrible career.

"Yes, I will!" was my answer, and off we both went to The Salvation

Army. That was on a Friday night, and on the Saturday, when we went again, something took a mighty hold of me. I didn't know what was the matter, but I was very miserable and restless. Then, all at once, almost before I realized it, I was on my feet. I stood up, scarcely knowing what I was doing or what I wanted. Though I was in drink at the time, I made my way to the penitential-form and, before I reached it the Saviour met me.

"It is impossible for me to put into words what I felt but I know beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was saved when I knelt at the Mercy Seat, where I prayed to God to help me. Another thing I know is this. Though I was drunk when I went to the front, when I rose from my knees I was perfectly sober!"

Now we come to look right into those steady, grey eyes of the Color Sergeant, there is something arresting about the look. Though they light up with happiness as he tells of the way God has led him since his conversion and of the joy he feels in the knowledge that his testimony has helped to win many for God there is something of battle-purposed, hard endurance, and here and there a waiting.

"Do you care to say where you were during the few years preceding your conversion?" we ventured.

"Few years" is strange enough. "Well, I suppose eight and a half years may be reckoned as a few years, but when they have been spent at Dartmoor they seem many and long."

"You were serving a sentence?"

"Yes. A sentence of ten years' penal servitude."

"That was your last sentence. What was your first?"

"My first sentence was eight days' imprisonment."

"How odd were you when you were sentenced?"

"Eight years of age."

"Where were your parents? What

about your father?"

"He was a drunkard."

"Your mother?"

"She, too, was, I am sorry to say, a drunkard."

Looking down the sheltered years through which we had come, we wondered where we should have been had we been reared in such a rude cradle as that of our comrade and if we had been "trained," as he had been, with kick and cuff and curse.

"Never had a chance? Not the ghost of one, and I served twenty-two years."

"Why? Well, I suppose I was up against things and was a rebel. As a rule I got my punishment for striking officers. I was then in H.M. Army. I joined the Forces in 1883, and I was difficult to 'break in,' I suppose. You may be sure I knew a good deal about the inside of military prisons."

"Part of my military service was in the 9th 'Holy Boys,' Norfolk Regiment. But I got my discharge from that regiment through fraud, and I enlisted in the artillery. I served in India for six years. I got on pretty well out there. Drink was always a terrible thing with me. I have had £26 in my possession; not a small sum for a soldier in those days, and in less than a week every penny would be gone; then my kit would be sold and I would be in rags."

"I wish I could have had a chance like the young people of this Corps have, for instance. Then this story would have been a very different one."

"No, I was not the only little chap with such an unhappy beginning. There were others like me. Why, in the old days, when at Dartmoor, I have seen mere boys serving life sentences. I have had the lions on in that convict settlement and it's far from pleasant I can tell you."

Though our comrade talks to us of prison experiences in Norwich, Ipswich, Colchester, and the like, it is of Dartmoor to which he returns

again and again. Evidently he has something more to tell, so we ventured another question.

"Were you married?" The grey eyes shine with happy light.

"Yes, I am married!"

"Your long absences must have been hard on your wife."

"My wife was splendid. She stuck to me. When I came out she was always there. I tell you a good woman's love is a wonderful thing. It is like the love of God. The love that saves. She had had luck with the weather whenever she walked to Dartmoor, a journey of over thirty miles, and, as a rule, it rained horribly, but she trudged on with her worn-out boots, amid the mud and slush, all in order to get near me."

"Over thirty miles!"

"Why, that's nothing to what she did when I was due to come out. She tramped every step of the way, and so did our little girl (who, like my wife, now wears full Army uniform) right from a northern town to Dartmoor."

"What!" we exclaim in astonishment. "Surely you are mistaken! Why that's—how far is it?"

"Four hundred miles: the way she went, anyway. That's what I mean when I say that the love of a good woman is like the love of God; the love that saves. That was the sort of thing that helped to save me. Yes, trusting if you care to measure it up, the whole of the journey my wife took, coming south through Stafford, and so on, to Dartmoor, you'll find I'm pretty well within the mark."

"My wife's shoes were practically gone; her feet were blistered, cut, and bleeding; and it was the same with the little girl. But they kept on until they came to the great prison where I was. Yes, mine too, had been a long, hard journey; but, as you say, part of the way, at any rate, I had love to lighten it. When in my lonely cell, for years and years, I never looked back to those from whom I had sprung; I looked forward to meeting my wife. I knew she was waiting, and that was my great standby and it helped me. The fact that she did not fail, that love was waiting at the gate for the time when I should come out, helped to prepare me to realize that, through all the lonely years, the Saviour who met me on the way to the Mercy Seat had been waiting for me, bless His Name."

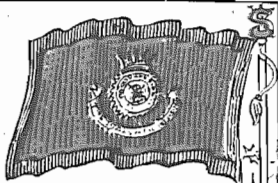
"Can you wonder—can you wonder—Can you wonder why it is I love Him so?"

When I think of what He's done for me, the guilty one.

Can you wonder why it is I love Him so?"

Ere we left him our comrade showed us a photograph. It showed a group of Salvationists amongst whom was the wife who had waited. Her bright face was haled (may we not say?) by a Salvation Army banner. The little daughter was there, too, in full uniform and no longer little, and on the other side stood the Salvationist husband and in his arms a little child. Its head was resting near the shoulder of the Color Sergeant, who, when he looked up at the innocent face of the little one, felt very tender and his thoughts were too deep for words. Then, as though breaking out of the depths of his nature, there came the exclamation, touched with telling emphasis, "God through the mercy of God, I'll prove worthy!"

Salvation Army League of Nations



the native people until he discovered an interpreter. This man, though a skilled linguist, was of uncertain moral character, so the Salvationist made it his first business to get the interpreter converted. This accomplished, he then set up a most successful partnership until the Officer could make himself understood in the vernacular.

Between these two extremes there is a wealth of unconverted humanity. The Army now employs nearly sixty languages from the great Continental tongues to obscure African and Indian dialects. One Officer warned at Oriental language by going into the marketplace and reading aloud from a translation of the Bible which he could not understand. The more mistakes he made the more correction he received from the uneducated natives, who probably thought he was suffering from a touch of the sun. They then helped to teach him their language.

In another corner of the world a committee has lately completed the translation of certain Scriptures into the dialect of a hill tribe, of whose language there is little written record. Working in China at the present time and elsewhere the language with speak are Officers from England, Australia, Canada and half a dozen European lands. The languages of which Officers now stationed at International Headquarters in London have a working knowledge include Japanese, Marathi, Tamil, Urdu, Finnish, Russian, Spanish, Portuguese, the Scandinavian and the most commonly spoken languages of Europe. All the confessions of European Officers have acquired a knowledge of English as a result of their Salvation Army educational experience.

Unifying The Army

This great interchange of tongues has had the effect of unifying The Army and of enabling its Officers to reach the masses with the message of Salvation, as well as promoting an international understanding which has far-reaching influence outside The Army's ranks. The fact, for instance, that an English Officer can speak to the natives of an unknown Indian village in their own tongue, not only greatly increases the reach of their message and understanding the plan of Salvation, but adds prestige to the whole white race. General judgements about individual encounters the world over.

Mistakes, of course, have occurred. One Officer remembers with amusement of not with charming an occasion when, attempting to teach an Army chorist, he noticed unwarranted laughter, and afterwards discovered that he had been correctly repeating, "Follow, follow, I will follow the path," in mistake for "I will follow Jesus."

Sometimes, again, members of the congregation from the Hall in the middle of a Meeting owing to the confusion between "sit down" and "go on" have been and still are common occurrences, but the efficiency of Salvationists as linguists is not thereby diminished.

Romance Still Greater

In the realm of the printed word the romance is still greater, for of the ninety-two publications bearing The Army's crest, the great majority are printed in foreign tongues. From Peking to Accra, Helsinki

to San Francisco and Buenos Ayres "The War Cry" can be purchased. Each has its own story. When the first South American "War Cry" was published, one of the many revolutions was threatening the life of Buenos Ayres, and all newspapers were suspended by law. The Captain, who constituted practically the whole of The Army in the city, had a thousand copies of his newspaper to sell and he made a little of the revolution. He sold, ignored the censor about his newspaper sales and started out as he had done many times in the home land.

Crying the paper in the street he was immediately surrounded by excited people thinking he had news of the war and his thousand copies were nearly all sold when a police official arrived at the spot. This latter returned an article by General von Radlitz, and in this, by a curious coincidence, occurred the phrase, "Upon the President down to the main street." As though controlled by some machine force the eyes of the police official travelled straight to this sentence. Suspects trembled was narrowly averted.

The international linguistic link which The Army affords has been strengthened by the constant interchange of Officers who, by reason of their position, lose or at any rate subordinate many of their national restrictions. At the present time a Swedish Officer commands The Army in the Argentine, a Norwegian in Denmark, a Dane in Holland, an Englishman in China, a Swede in Germany, an Englishman in Finland, a Hollander in Belgium, a Swiss in Czechoslovakia, an Englishman in Sweden, another Hollander in Switzerland whilst many Officers can look back upon service in half a dozen different countries. Territorial Commanders regard countries as the property of people look upon towns, and it changes from Finland to India, Australia to Sweden, China to South America, or the Dutch Indies to New-England, is possible at any time. Nearly three thousand Officers have gone from England to carry the news of Salvation overseas, the great majority to non-Christian countries. Asia and Africa has sent many others, Officers from those countries are now working in the United States, Canada, India, Java, South America, China and Korea. In South America there are Officers whose nationalities include Argentine, Uruguayan, Chilean, Peruvian, Brazilian, English, Scotch, Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Italian, Swiss, Swedish, Norwegian, Dutch, German, French and American. They can all agree because they all possess a common heart experience.

No Better Way

This interchange of nationality in the interests of the Kingdom of God has also had the effect of introducing preachers to various countries. There is no better way of removing national suspicion. Significant indeed was the remark of a Continental journal upon the visit of an English national organization to the effect that the presence of the foreign Salvationists was the biggest political event which had occurred in that part for some time. As the policy Englishmen had given the people a new idea of England after the war.

In this way The Army is making a valuable contribution to the world's instruction in internationalism.

FEW ORGANIZATIONS, religious or secular, have done more to create a sense of international community of interest than The Salvation Army. Under the impulse of an affection which knew no national boundaries, the Founder was led to extend the scope of his labors in many directions, until his workers were spread across the world, and in at least two particular ways. The Army has developed and has consistently endeavored to promote international understanding. The language barrier has been surmounted and the personal contact road to understanding has been traversed.

Need was Supplied

There were few linguists in The Army during its early years, but the need was supplied as it arose. Officers who were hard put to it by reason of their position, and duty discovered within themselves an urgency which carried them over the initial shyness, and God invariably used them for the conversion of people who could only reach the language of the country to which the plan was carried. The pioneer English Officer who arrived in Holland, with no knowledge of the language, equipped himself for the opening Meeting, fixed to take place in a working-class quarter of Amsterdam, by committing to memory a Dutch prayer of five words, "O Lord, save souls tonight." The following morning he fell on his knees and repeated that message to prayer again and again. God honored his courage; thirty people were saved that night, and true, so that his translators were immediately secured.

Uncertain Character

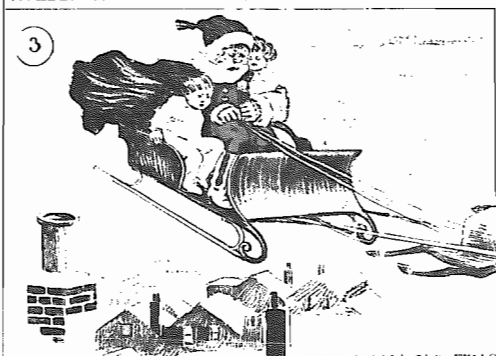
That was many years ago. Quite recently, however, a pioneer Officer to another land had no great difficulty in approaching

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN.



ON CHRISTMAS EVE DAVID AND DAISY, TWO SMALL JUNIOR SALVATIONISTS, DECIDE TO AWAIT THE COMING OF SANTA CLAUS, BUT THE LANDMAN OVERTAKEN BY SLEEP, WHILST ASLEEP THEY DREAM THAT —

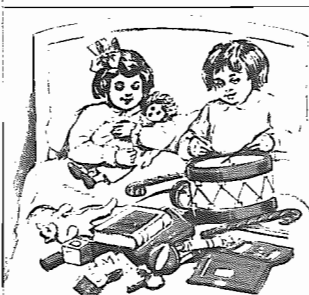
SANTA CLAUS, COMING DOWN THE CHIMNEY WITH HIS BAG OF TOYS OVERFLOWING WITH TOYS, CALLS OUT THE EMPTIES OUT AT THE PARTY OF THE DELIGHTED CHILDREN.



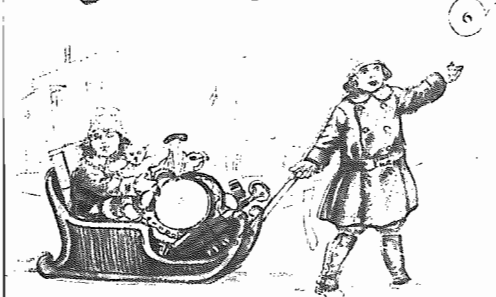
THE JOLLY OLD FELLOW INVITES THEM TO ACCOMPANY HIM ON HIS VISIT TO ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS THEY KNOW.



AFTER SEEING THE STOCKINGS OF ALL THEIR PLAYMATES FILLED TO OVERFLOWING, SANTA TAKES THEM TO A POORER PART OF THE TOWN TO THE HOME OF ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL AND BOY. SANTA'S SACK BEING EMPTY, THESE CHILDREN WILL HAVE TO GO WITHOUT TOYS.



THEY AWAKEN CHRISTMAS MORNING TO FIND THAT SANTA CLAUS HAS LEFT THEM ALL KINDS OF BEAUTIFUL TOYS.




BUT IN THEIR JOY DAVID AND DAISY DID NOT FORGET THE POOR CHILDREN, SO TOOK THEM SOME OF THEIR NEW PLAYTHINGS.



THE LITTLE CHILDREN OF POVERTY WERE OVERJOYED WITH THEIR GIFTS, AND THE LITTLE SALVATIONISTS FILLED WITH JOY BECAUSE THEY HAD BEEN KIND TO THE POOR. WON'T YOU, TOO, REMEMBER THE POOR THIS CHRISTMASTIDE?



HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING

 Hark, the herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb.

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace,
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Life and light to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

